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LORD BEACONSFIELD AT AYLESBURY.

LORD BEACONSFIELD wisely holds that it is the duty of a Prime Minister to reserve public declarations and statements for rare occasions. Aylesbury and the City of London have generally divided between them the honour of furnishing opportunities for his public addresses. A few weeks ago he devoted the greater part of a speech at the Mansion House to the exposition of an unusually elaborate theory of landed tenures. Since that time grave events have happened, and on many occasions the policy of the Government, as illustrated by its fortune, has been loudly denounced. It was expected that, in presiding at the agricultural dinner at Aylesbury, Lord BEACONSFIELD would give some indication of his general policy. He has taken a more limited view of his local duties. Deeply impressed with his own character as for the time once more the representative of the gentry and farmers of Buckinghamshire, he entirely forgets that there are either disputed questions at home, or foreign and Indian complications. He could not have confined himself more conscientiously to the special functions which he was exercising, if, instead of presiding at an agricultural dinner, he had been attending the Quarter Sessions or the Board of Poor-law Guardians. By a curious coincidence Lord HARTINGTON followed the same course at a meeting for the promotion of education in science and art on the same day at Newcastle. It appears that neither the PRIME MINISTER nor the leader of the Opposition thinks it convenient to begin a controversy on Eastern affairs. Perhaps Lord HARTINGTON may have been waiting for Lord BEACONSFIELD; and it was better in both cases to maintain absolute silence than to avoid premature disclosures by the use of mysterious or conventional phrases. Lord BEACONSFIELD is more inclined than his opponent to conceal his meaning by rhetorical flourishes, which are sometimes as rash as they are vague. He has perhaps since regretted his hasty and inaccurate assertion that the object of the last Afghan war was the acquisition of a scientific frontier.

Even in proposing a toast to the army and navy, the chairman of the Aylesbury meeting carefully avoided all mention of war in Asia or in Africa. He resisted the temptation of congratulating his audience on the entire success of the English arms in Zululand that he might not be compelled to speak of the outrage of Cabul. It may be doubted whether he was equally prudent in entering into a large and difficult question of economy and legislation; but his Aylesbury speech is interesting as far as it shows that the Mansion House speech was not an extemporaneous display of ingenuity, but an expression of serious opinion. It must be confessed that the clear exposition of economic theories is not one of Lord BEACONSFIELD'S most remarkable gifts. Some years ago, when Mr. GLADSTONE undertook publicly to confute a learned German writer on theology, his antagonist declined to answer him, on the ground that in such controversies the English statesman was only an amateur. A professed economist would perhaps, on similar grounds, refuse to encounter Lord BEACONSFIELD. The Buckinghamshire farmers may not improbably have been puzzled by an elaborate demonstration that land must yield three profits which ought to be distributed among as many classes of the community. On the more important question whether, on the whole,

small freeholds conduce to general happiness and prosperity more than large farms, Lord BEACONSFIELD touched but superficially. He was justified in stating that the gross produce of the land is greater in England than in France; but if he had confined the comparison to French and Belgian Flanders, the balance might have turned in the other direction. It is also important to remember that in agriculture, as in other branches of industry, the net produce indicates the profit derived from labour and capital. The smaller proportional growth of corn in France represents the labour of a greater number of workmen than the larger English return. The orators of the Trades Union Congress who have suddenly concentrated their efforts on projects for dividing landed property consider that it would be advantageous to employ as large a part of the population as possible in the cultivation of the soil. They are not careful to conceal their reasons for reversing all the results of practical experience. If the rural population were larger, they believe that there would be less competition for employment in the towns, and that consequently wages would be permanently raised. They do not think it necessary to add that, if these anticipations proved to be correct, all manufacturing products would become dearer, unless industry was driven away by foreign competition.

Embarrassed farmers care much more about prices and rents than about either the threefold division of profits or the system of peasant freeholds, which they unanimously despise and dislike. They probably sympathized with Lord BEACONSFIELD'S expression of merited contempt for the scheme by which some unnamed wiseacre proposes that the Government should buy large tracts of land for the purpose of reselling them in lots of twelve or sixteen acres. The occupiers of the new farms are to become owners on payment of 40*l.* a year for a small number of years. Such chimeras are not worth discussing, except for the purpose of showing that those who suggest them are pedants and simpletons. By a familiar artifice, which is perhaps justifiable, controversial orators represent as the natural consequence of a theory which they wish to confute some exaggerated reduction to an absurdity of a principle which may be true or false. Having satisfied his audience that cottagers could not pay 40*l.* a year for little plots of land, Lord BEACONSFIELD justly remarked that the competition to be feared was not with Europe, but with America. He has discovered that the United States are likely to be undersold by Canada, where the Government facilitates the acquisition of comparatively large farms. On the whole he thinks that, as population in America increases, prices will rise; and for the present he recommends allowances to be made by landlords, and acquiescence in the provisions of the Agricultural Holdings Act. Many of Lord BEACONSFIELD'S arguments are more or less plausible; and they are at least good enough to show that something may be said on different sides of the question; but it scarcely needed a Prime Minister to descend from the lofty regions of high policy to preach doubtful economic doctrine. To his numerous assailants Lord BEACONSFIELD offers a new point of attack where he can scarcely be said to possess a scientific frontier. On the other hand, he accomplished the negative object of keeping absolutely secret the intentions and expectations of the Government.

Not only Lord HARTINGTON, but Lord DERBY and Mr. CROSS made non-political speeches on the day of the Ayles-

bury meeting. At Southport Lord DERBY confined himself to the important subject of agricultural and commercial distress; and, as might be expected, his speech was more instructive than that of his former colleague. Tenants, as he said, have interests limited in time; and at the expiration of their terms they can make new bargains with their landlords. As a great owner of house property Lord DERBY probably regards with equanimity a possible fall of agricultural rents. After all, he says, if the landlords lose by low prices, the consumers will gain, and they are many times more numerous. It is satisfactory to observe that Lord DERBY has not lately repeated his hasty assertion that the land might by proper cultivation be made to produce twice its actual return. He prudently expresses no opinion on the probability of an early relaxation of foreign tariffs. As he truly says, Emperors and Field Marshals care nothing for Free-trade or Protection. They only wish to maintain vast armaments, and they provide the means by high or low tariffs as they find either arrangement for the moment more lucrative. The Americans, who have no Field Marshals, are, as Lord DERBY says, the most quick-witted of nations; and he thinks it possible that they may at some future time discover their error in imposing high protective duties. The American manufacturers are sufficiently quick-witted to understand their own interests; and there is no reason to suppose that they will cease to levy tribute on their credulous countrymen. It is not a little strange that in present circumstances almost every public speaker should avoid political topics. Lord BEACONFIELD may have good reason for reticence; but he is scarcely well advised in accepting the challenge which is offered by some of his opponents. Mr. GRANT DUFF's speech seemed to show that the Opposition has at last found in land tenure the question of which it has long been in search. The main difficulty is to rally the farmers in support of doctrines which have hitherto been extremely distasteful to their class.

AFGHANISTAN.

THE account of the Cabul insurrection which has been brought to the English camp by a native cavalry soldier of CAVAGNARI's escort appears to rest on better authority than any statement which had been previously published. If the report is accurate, the disturbance was an ordinary mutiny caused by a disappointment of two or three regiments which demanded their pay. The Commander-in-Chief appears really to have been wounded in an attempt to restore order, and the officer in command of the mutineers is said to have lost all control over his men. There is so far no proof of any organized conspiracy; and the AMEER himself would seem to have been guilty rather of weakness than of perfidy. The fugitive met with no Afghan troops between Cabul and Jellalabad, and it may be assumed that neglect of military preparations in the direct road to the capital implies an absence of deliberate design. Even if further information should modify the judgment suggested by the present narrative, the Indian Government will be well advised in suspending its public or official judgment on the connexion of the AMEER with the outrage. The question is not one for judicial decision either on the moral or legal merits of the case. It would not indeed be just to inflict punishment without sufficient evidence; but the policy to be adopted at the conclusion of the war must be determined by considerations of military and political expediency. If circumstances then render it convenient to make use of YAKOOB, it will not be convenient to have made it impossible by proofs of his guilt to employ his services. There seems to be little doubt that, whatever may have been his intentions or his conduct during the outbreak, he has since, either voluntarily or by compulsion, thrown in his lot with the insurgents. For the present purpose all Afghans, except those who may openly join the English, must be treated as enemies; and it is better to overrate than to undervalue the resistance which must be overcome. It seems probable that the plan of an immediate advance on Cabul has been abandoned, if it was at any time entertained. There can be no difference of opinion as to the prudence of abstaining from a doubtful enterprise, nor would a short delay cause any regret if winter were not approaching. Even a small risk of failure may form a conclusive reason against hurried

operations. The Afghans will not infer from the postponement of the advance that the attack on the Envoy and his companions is likely to have been committed with impunity. They would scarcely understand the perversely pedantic contention of their English apologists that, according to Oriental doctrines of international law, the murder of a President or Ambassador is a customary and regular mode of declaring war. On the same authority they might learn that the friendly professions of the Governor of CANDAHAR prove his treacherous intentions, and that the Mahrattas are about to revolt. They might also obtain from the same source much unexpected information about their own character and circumstances. Curious and surprising intelligence is the more interesting when it is communicated with oracular gravity and derived from unknown and exclusive sources.

Even among paradoxical politicians there is happily little conflict of opinion as to the necessity of an advance to Cabul. A few working-class agitators, calling themselves advocates of international arbitration, at present stand alone in their protest against an assertion of national honour which is indispensable to the security of India. They ought in consistency to suggest a mode of reference which would require an arbitrator to determine whether the murder of CAVAGNARI was justifiable and laudable. It would also be necessary to explain how the award should be enforced if it was unfavourable to the mutineers and rabble of Cabul. Foreigners, whether friendly, indifferent, or hostile, have not taken into consideration the possibility of acquiescence in the outrage. Even in Russian journals the occupation of Cabul is regarded as certain, while it is proposed to take advantage of the opportunity for beginning an unprovoked war against England. Published discussions on the plan and details of the campaign are worthless if they are conducted by civilian amateurs, and mischievous when they express professional opinion. The Indian Government has, with creditable indifference to clamour and misrepresentation, prohibited the presence of newspaper Correspondents with the army. It would have been wiser and more dignified simply to issue the order without explanation than to allege the excuse that it is difficult to protect non-combatants, and that provisions and forage must be carefully husbanded. It would be cheaper to provide Correspondents with the escorts of as many generals, and to establish a special commissariat for their use, than to endure their harassing and depressing criticisms, and to allow them to furnish the enemy with minute intelligence. Some of the ablest members of the profession have lately had opportunities of illustrating, in two distant parts of the world, the novel practice of unlimited publicity. The Correspondents with the army in Afghanistan habitually supplied the enemy, by means of the Russian telegraph, with accounts of the position, the strength, and the supplies of every column and regiment; and, if any check or disaster had occurred, their readers in the enemy's camp would have used it as an encouragement to resistance. The Correspondents in Zululand would have been more culpable if CETEWAYO had had a telegraph within reach. From week to week they almost unanimously ridiculed and vituperated every act of the Commander-in-Chief with a persistent ill-will which apparently indicated personal irritation. A general must have a high spirit and an unusually cheerful temper who is not depressed and annoyed by the knowledge that he is surrounded by unfriendly critics who may probably determine the course of public opinion. Some generals who have the art of conciliating the dispensers of popularity would perhaps do better service if they were not spoiled by habitual flattery. The danger of giving information to the enemy is more immediate and more definite than the bad effect of incessant criticism on the minds of officers in high command. Military journalists at home are doing their utmost to supply the vacancies of the excluded Correspondents. The daily speculations of an able professional writer in the *Times* are probably forwarded without delay to Tashkend for transmission to Cabul. In no other country would such an abuse be tolerated.

The hope that the opponents of the Government would for the time feel regret rather than triumph has proved to be too sanguine. The satisfaction of the Russians in finding compensation for their late diplomatic defeat is more excusable; but the enemies of England are almost as extravagant in their language as the enemies of

the Government. A St. Petersburg journal is allowed to propose immediate war with England, on the ground that Russia does not want England to remain in Asia. It is unnecessary to attach importance to an unprovoked declaration of hostility, though Russian journals say nothing which is not expressly permitted by the Government. There is no present fear of a collision between England and Russia in Afghanistan, and any attempt to inquire whether Russian intrigues preceded the outbreak at Cabul ought to be deliberately avoided. If the Russian writer were in want of a precedent or apology, he might easily prove that his violence has been exceeded or surpassed by one of the most intelligent and respectable members of the English Opposition. Mr. GRANT DUFF, in the course of an angry declamation, has asserted that Lord SALISBURY is as much responsible for the death of Sir LOUIS CAVAGNARI and his companions as if he had killed them with his own hands. It is hardly worth while to remark that Lord SALISBURY had no official connexion, except as one of a dozen members of the Cabinet, with the terms of the Treaty of Gundamuk or with the Mission to Cabul. It is true that, as Secretary for India, he regretted the difficulties which prevented the appointment of a Resident; and, if he had retained the office which he vacated a year and a half ago, he would probably have pursued the policy which has in fact been followed by Lord CRANBROOK. Mr. GRANT DUFF pledges himself to the proposition that a Minister who employs an agent in a dangerous post is as guilty of his consequent death as if he were himself the assassin. There is no reason to doubt that CAVAGNARI accepted his high office with feelings of gratitude and pride. He knew, as he said in reply to a warning, that if he fell there were many others ready to take his place. Mr. GRANT DUFF's personal and ridiculous attack on Lord SALISBURY is unworthy of his ability, his attainments, his character, and his political rank. A more dispassionate examination of the past and present policy of the Indian Government and of the English Cabinet will be perfectly justifiable, if it is undertaken at the proper time. An impartial judgment can scarcely be formed when a disastrous casualty for the moment exclusively occupies public attention. If the murder of an Ambassador formed a conclusive argument against the maintenance of an Embassy, barbarous despots and their mutinous troops might regulate at their own caprice their diplomatic relations with civilized Governments. It has not been the custom of Anglo-Indian soldiers and statesmen to blame their superiors for placing them in positions where they have consciously carried their lives in their hands.

THE RETURNED COMMUNISTS.

HAPPY is the country that has no political prisoners. This is not true merely because to have none means that there have been no political disturbances. Political disturbances may have the effect of clearing the air. In some ways, for example, France has been a decided gainer by the Commune. It can scarcely be doubted that if the Republic had had to hold its own against the Monarchists without the reputation derived from the suppression of a formidable insurrection, and without the lightening of the vessel consequent on the throwing overboard of so many turbulent spirits, its chances of success would have been very much lessened. The advantage of having no political prisoners resides in the extreme difficulty of knowing what to do with them. The Versailles troops did their best to relieve the French Government from this inconvenience as regards the Communists; but, in spite of the kindly intentions of General GALLIFET, and the zeal with which he was seconded by his subalterns, a great number remained to be dealt with by the military tribunals. These tribunals, or rather the Government which sent prisoners before them, committed the great mistake of drawing an insufficient distinction between leaders and followers. Instead of picking out the men who were really responsible for the burning of Paris and the murder of the hostages, and letting the rest go free, they set to work to try everybody concerned. The result was the peopling of New Caledonia with Communist convicts, the demand for an amnesty which subsequently gave the Government so much trouble, and now the return of a large number of prisoners, with all the irritation which

must inevitably be caused among their friends by the recital of their sufferings.

A Correspondent of the *Daily News* has given an interesting account of his interview with a returned Communist, one M. MASSARD, who was sentenced in 1874 to transportation for life to the Ile des Pins. M. MASSARD's case is an example of the error just mentioned. His crime consisted in having served as a private soldier in the Communist army. He had managed to conceal himself in 1871, and by 1874 had satisfied himself that he had been forgotten, and was following his profession of a miniature-painter. M. MASSARD is now only thirty-two years old, so that in 1871 he was not a very mature offender. A young man of twenty-four will naturally fight for a cause which is that of his friends and companions, though his own sympathy with it may easily be of a very undetermined kind. M. MASSARD was so far fortunate that his sentence was simple transportation, not transportation to a fortified place. The latter punishment was very much more severe. The convicts were consigned to penal servitude, and the French rendering of penal servitude has never erred on the side of mercy. Simple transportation involved the leading of a sort of ROBINSON CRUSOE life, with the difference that it had to be led in the pretty close company of four thousand other convicts. When they were landed, each was given a knife and a hatchet, and bidden to make a hut for himself. Two men lived in each hut, and got through their time as they best could. Down to 1876 there was a roll-call every afternoon, but after that time it was gradually dropped. The Government provided bread-stuffs and tinned meats, and from time to time served out shoes and clothing. There was not much power of varying the dietary, for the thin soil was not adapted for garden products, and the fish caught on the coast were poisonous. M. MASSARD describes the convicts as for the most part shunning each other's society, sitting for hours thinking of the past or speculating about the future, and disposed to abuse any one who broke the silence and recalled them to the intolerable present. The uncertainty of their future seems to have weighed more heavily on the convicts than anything else. Hope deferred was worse than despair. Newspapers occasionally found their way to the island; and it is easy to imagine the wild visions that a society of exiled Communists would found on scanty and intermittent intelligence of what was going on in France. They were allowed, after a time, to compose a newspaper of their own, the *Progrès de l'Ile des Pins*, which "dealt extensively" in canards and ingenious deductions from the news given "in European journals." The most melancholy part of the story is that when, after the elections of the 14th of October, this too sanguine journal announced the immediate passing of an Amnesty Bill, many of the convicts were not able to bear the disappointment which followed, and committed suicide.

There was something extremely shortsighted in the policy which inflicted sentences of this kind which were to last for life. It is plain, for instance, that the tribunal which sent M. MASSARD to the Ile des Pins did not estimate his guilt very highly. Had it done so, it would not have been content with merely banishing him and giving him no specific punishment in addition. What the Court wanted was to be rid of him and of a great many like him. They thought him dangerous at home and harmless in New Caledonia. Their error lay in thinking that a sentence of transportation for life stood any chance of being carried out. Even if the reactionary efforts of Marshal MACMAHON had succeeded, there would have come a time when the Government would have felt itself strong enough to be merciful, and would have become merciful in order to show that it was strong. If this was evident to uninterested spectators who only argued from the ordinary course of human events, it was still more evident to the convicts themselves. They knew that the Republic was making a good fight for life, and many of them were probably quite at sea as to what the triumph of the Republic would mean. Consequently there was a constant excitement kept up among them as to the influence that the events the disjointed rumours of which reached them from time to time would have upon their own fortunes. If their sentences had been for a fixed period, the certain end might have been more real to them than the possible end at an earlier date. They would have had a definite point to look forward to, instead of a

point which was continually becoming nearer or more remote according as the news that came from France or their own inferences from it were more or less encouraging. The Government did not probably trouble itself about the mental condition of its prisoners; but it would have done well to remember that the mental condition of its prisoners while undergoing their sentence would become a matter of some moment if those sentences should be remitted and the prisoners should return home.

It is true, of course, that, if political prisoners are to be punished to any purpose, they must be made to suffer; and by the side of the crimes of the Commune the tedium of imprisonment in the Ile des Pins may seem but a small matter. But the incidental and unintended effects of punishment ought not to be more severe than its primary and designed effects. When they are so, all the evils of a disproportionately harsh sentence are present, with the additional disadvantage that the Government is made to appear wholly careless as to the suffering it inflicts. It is perhaps fortunate for the Republic that a great deal of the blame can be thrown—whether justly or not does not much matter—upon the reactionary Governments which preceded the definitive victory of Parliamentary institutions. If a strict chronological account were given, it would probably be found that the Republic under M. THIERS was in all respects as harsh as the anonymous Government of which the Duke of BROGLIE was the guiding spirit. But there was a distinct relaxation of discipline after 1877, and as this may be set to the account of the Republic, it may have the convenient result of causing its earlier severities to be forgotten. Otherwise the risk of dispersing these released prisoners through France might be appreciable, if not serious. As long as they were out of sight they were, to all except a few near relations, out of mind. Now they have come back into view, and are naturally compared with what they were when they left, and with what those who have stayed behind have become in the same number of years. If, when we read of men who have almost forgotten how to talk, and cannot give a coherent account of their own sufferings, it is impossible to resist a feeling of pity, how much warmer will be the feeling excited among those to whom these men were once friends and neighbours.

END OF THE ZULU WAR.

THE capture of CETEWAYO is at the same time satisfactory and embarrassing. If strict personal justice were consistent with the public interest, the prisoner might perhaps be entitled to an ample apology, with full compensation for his losses. Unfortunately it is for the moment impossible to restore him to liberty, and it is not likely that his dominions will at any future time be restored. There can be no doubt that in the meantime CETEWAYO is entitled to liberal and courteous treatment. He may have been ill-judged in imitating and exaggerating the European practice of compelling all his male subjects to serve in his army. It was certain that his celibate gladiators constituted a danger to his neighbours, as their discipline and prowess could only be exhibited in war; but he had during several years maintained friendly relations with the Government of Natal, and the Transvaal, which he sometimes threatened with invasion, was not then an English possession. Sir BARTLE FREER may probably have been justified in his opinion that the temper of the Zulu KING had changed after the adverse modification of an award originally given in his favour. The trifling irregularities on the frontier which served as a pretext for war may or may not have been indications of hostile purpose. Sir BARTLE FREER never seriously alleged any cause for his invasion of Zululand, except that it was prudent and right to anticipate a counter attack. On nearly the same grounds one or more of the great Continental Powers almost annually threatens a rupture with its neighbours, which is fortunately prevented by the approximate equality of four enormous armies. If Sir BARTLE FREER had directed the policy of Germany, France, or Russia, a European war would perhaps have been the result of excessive precaution. The enterprise in which Sir BARTLE FREER has been actually engaged has, notwithstanding moral and political objections, been crowned with complete success. Sir GARNET WOLSELEY, who had no share in the military operations, has profited by the victory of one of his predecessors to execute in substance and

spirit the policy of the other. He has already determined that the Zulu country shall be reduced to the condition of a dependency, although his instructions prohibited direct annexation. Eight chiefs are to govern as many districts, under English supremacy. CETEWAYO has by a bold fiction been condemned for contumacy in refusing to surrender, and has, as a punishment, been excluded from all share in the advantages of the partition. It is true that he could not have been expected to content himself with a humble position. Having long been the most powerful and warlike prince in South Africa, he could scarcely subside into the condition of a petty chief. He might have established a great empire if he had not come into collision with the superior force created by civilization.

Among the privileges of the district chiefs the institution of man-slaying machines will not be included. They will probably be required to submit their feuds with one another and with the neighbouring tribes to the arbitration of English Residents and of the High Commissioner of the Eastern provinces. As they attempt from time to time to reassert their independence they will be displaced in succession to make room for English magistrates. A similar process has been going on in British Kaffraria, where almost every tribe differs from every other in the character of its relations to the Government. The Zulus will perhaps be indifferent to political changes as long as they are secured against the intrusion of white settlers on their lands. Sir GARNET WOLSELEY in this as in other matters follows the teaching of Sir BARTLE FREER, who holds that the first requisite of civilization is a just appreciation of the difference between sovereignty and ownership. It is true that the author of the theory was bent on reconciling the Zulus to the occupation of their lands by the Dutch farmers of the Transvaal. It is but fair that they should profit in their turn by the retention of their lands under English supremacy. It is not known whether they will be grateful for their emancipation from the rigorous discipline of CETEWAYO. Enforced celibacy and long military service seem not to be popular institutions; but nations for the most part dislike a compulsory change of customs, even for the better. The Lacedæmonians, who, in the judgment of their Athenian rivals, passed intolerably irksome lives, would have profoundly resented alien interference with their ascetic practices. The Zulus are as brave as the Spartans; but perhaps they may not be equally obstinate. After the battle of Ulundi chiefs and people alike acknowledged that they were beaten. As it was convenient and perhaps necessary to prevent CETEWAYO from resuming any portion of his former authority, Sir GARNET WOLSELEY gravely affected moral indignation at his attempts to evade captivity.

To the great relief of Englishmen in general, who were at once anxious and uneasy in conscience, the Zulu war is over. Sir GARNET WOLSELEY deserves credit for his rapid perception of the completeness of Lord CHELMSFORD's success. A considerable portion of the army has already left South Africa; and it may be hoped that there will be no further need of regular warfare. SECOCOENI, who had probably relied on the diversion effected by CETEWAYO, may perhaps think it prudent to seek peace before he is crushed in his turn. The untried power of the Zulu army was always an element in the calculations of disaffected native chiefs. Their reliance on CETEWAYO was one of Sir BARTLE FREER's reasons for engaging in a war which has effected all his objects. Indeed the only question which can be raised as to his policy is whether the results were worth the sacrifices by which they were attained, and also whether it is justifiable to make war on a neighbour who has given no provocation. The Roman fashion of leading a captive prince in triumph and then cutting off his head is happily rendered impossible by the gentleness of modern manners. As soon as he has settled the affairs of Zululand and discovered, if possible, some safe and creditable mode of dealing with CETEWAYO, Sir GARNET WOLSELEY will probably transfer his headquarters to the Transvaal or to SECOCOENI's country. The conclusion of the native war may perhaps be entrusted to a lieutenant. The most difficult task which awaits the CHIEF COMMISSIONER is the reconciliation with the Government of the malcontents in the Transvaal. Though Sir GARNET WOLSELEY has some reputation for diplomatic adroitness, it may be doubted whether he will succeed as well as his predecessor in obtaining the confidence of the Boers. Sir BARTLE FREER's experience, authority, and firmness com-

manded the respect of the people of the Transvaal, and it happened that some of the more questionable peculiarities of his character were acceptable to business-like zealots. Sir GARNET WOLSELEY is not likely to share Sir BARTLE FRERE's published opinion that the habit of citing passages from the Old Testament about the plunder and expulsion of Canaanites strengthens, although the quotations are in his opinion misapplied, the titles of Dutch settlers to native lands.

It seems that the unfortunate measure of annexation is deemed irrevocable; and if the Transvaal is to be retained, it is of great importance to satisfy the inhabitants that their interests will be promoted by union. A part of the population, perhaps amounting to a third, is English, and consequently it is favourable to annexation. The great difficulty in dealing with the Dutch farmers is to restrain them from encroachments on the rights and property of the neighbouring native tribes. Perhaps a federation of all the States and provinces of South Africa, as promoted by Lord KIMBERLEY and Lord CARNARVON, might tend to the advantage of all the united communities; but there is no immediate prospect of the adoption of any measure of the kind. Amongst other objections, the colonists foresee that a vast dominion would be required to provide for its own security, and at present they show no inclination even to share the expenses of the late war. The Cape Colony might not be unwilling to provide in future for its own defence; but it is not disposed to undertake the protection of provinces a thousand miles away, in which the natives greatly outnumber the white inhabitants. The Transvaal is not at present disposed to enter into any confederation; and the Orange River Free State is not likely to have become more favourable to the scheme in consequence of the forcible annexation of the Transvaal. It is, on the whole, improbable that the South African provinces will unite until circumstances have wholly changed. If the Imperial Government leaves them to defend themselves, it will have little interest in their mutual relations.

THE HOME-RULE CONVENTION.

THE superfluous liberality of repealing the Irish Convention Act has been rewarded as it deserved. Irish agitators have repeatedly attempted to usurp the government of the country by means of self-appointed or delegated assemblies. The Convention Act applied only to mock Parliaments affecting to represent the constituencies; and while it was in force O'CONNELL and others repeatedly organized seditious Associations, which were either unwillingly tolerated or from time to time suppressed by special laws. Shortly before the passing of the Emancipation Act, the Catholic Association had acquired a dangerous authority. Fifteen years afterwards the Repeal Association had apparently brought Ireland to the verge of rebellion, when O'CONNELL was finally silenced and cowed by the prosecution which ended in his release on a technical quibble. It was wholly unnecessary to provide new facilities for combination against law and order. Mr. PARNELL and Mr. BIGGAR were not likely to be conciliated by the affectation of a belief that their machinations were no longer dangerous. The Convention Act had prohibited the form of seditious organization which was perhaps most attractive to demagogues. They were at liberty to institute clubs of any other kind which might suit their fancy, but the leaders were not to derive a pretended title to power through any process of election. The difference may be rather apparent than real; but the agitators are not inclined to share the opinion that it is wholly imaginary. The concession made by the Legislature is instantly applied to the purpose of rendering the government of Ireland more difficult. A Convention is to be elected, in number equal to that of the former Irish Parliament, on a suffrage arbitrarily fixed at a contribution of a shilling to the funds of the agitation. It is highly probable that the Convention will be more troublesome than the Home Rule League which it will supersede. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's bodies of delegates, though their objects are less openly mischievous than the machinery of Irish sedition, interfere more seriously with freedom of election and with the choice of fit candidates than the old-fashioned Committees consisting of local leaders of the party. The tendency of all such organizations is to concentrate power in the hands of a few

demagogues or election managers who know how to control the mass of voters.

Loyal gentlemen found it possible in Mr. BUTT's time to join the Home Rule League, because it proposed to rely exclusively on constitutional methods. Some of them were perhaps reconciled to an absurd project by the consciousness that it was impracticable. The members of Parliament who belonged to the party were so far independent that they received no direct instructions from constituents. Mr. PARNELL's Convention involves an appeal from the leaders to the multitude, which will always prefer the advocates of extreme measures. Only a few members of Parliament attended the late meeting; but many of them will probably be compelled to follow Mr. PARNELL. Some of their number may perhaps follow the example of Mr. MITCHELL HENRY and Mr. SHAW in refusing to abandon their professed principles and renounce their organization; but Mr. PARNELL has habitually preferred the increase of his own influence to scrupulous regard for the feelings of his colleagues, and in a revolutionary agitation the most violent section always prevails. The Convention, among its other functions, will attempt, perhaps not without success, to control the elections; and it is possible that Mr. PARNELL, like O'CONNELL in former times, may return to Parliament at the head of a body of his own nominees. His colleague and competitor, Mr. BIGGAR, has already proclaimed one of the doctrines which will probably be approved by the Convention. His view of the land question is that landlords, or, as he calls them, landlordism, should be abolished, and that every tenant should become owner of his land. If the Convention becomes formidable, Parliament will have to reenact the law which has been unnecessarily repealed. The task will perhaps be most easily accomplished if it devolves on a Liberal Government. In that case the Ministers of the day will have to choose between the loss of confidence of their supporters in England and Scotland and the precarious alliance which they may perhaps have formed with the Irish Home Rulers. The increased activity of the Irish agitators implies their indifference to the result of the English and Scotch elections. Not long since they impressed on the Irish populace of the great towns the duty of exercising their influence in favour of the candidates who might be most ready to pledge themselves to Home Rule; but at present the Irish residents in Great Britain are placed in the background. They are not to be allowed to share in the election of members of the Convention, and the leading demagogues are, to the best of their power, repelling the confidence of Liberal candidates.

When the Home Rule League was formed, soon after the suppression of the Fenian disturbances, its leaders disavowed all sympathy with treasonable combinations. The extreme Nationalists, who are indistinguishable from the Fenians, are invited to send representatives to the Convention. The tone of its deliberations may be easily anticipated. Its proceedings will probably be conducted with a mockery of Parliamentary forms, except that obstruction, if it is attempted by a moderate minority, will be sternly repressed. There was no obstruction in the Jacobin Club, or in the Convention after it fell under the control of the Committee of Public Safety. Obstructive members of an assembly take care to have a mob at their backs. It is not yet known whether the fiction of Home Rule under an Imperial Parliament is to be maintained in the Convention. It is more probable that the violent faction will insist on separation, and perhaps on the establishment of an Irish Republic. The leaders will be fully aware that the object can only be attained by force, and that they are not in a position to begin a civil war; but the threat of extreme measures not unfrequently extorts concessions from timid politicians. Agitation against the rights of landowners will be more popular and more dangerous than insincere invitations to rebellion. The agricultural distress which prevails in Ireland, though far less severely than in England, has unfortunately furnished an opportunity to the habitual promoters of anarchy. The meetings which have been held in some parts of Ireland to demand reduction or remission of rents are in themselves alarming; and the Convention in Dublin will form a standing Committee for the promotion of similar objects. According to some statements, the meetings are principally attended by idlers from the towns rather than by the real tenant-farmers; but it is not to be expected

that the rural population will ultimately stand aloof from a profitable agitation. The landowners, who have everything at stake, appear to meet the predatory agitation with prudence and courage. All who have property of any kind to lose in Great Britain and Ireland ought to unite in resistance to projects of lawless plunder. The agitators who encourage threats to shoot the landlords would, if they succeeded, willingly turn their attention to capitalists.

The respectable members of the Home Rule party will probably divide into two bodies. Some of them will either voluntarily retire or lose their seats at the next election. Another section will temporarily or permanently conform to the new doctrines. They have more than once tried to get rid of Mr. PARNELL, first by asserting the claims of Mr. BUTT, and afterwards by electing Mr. SHAW as his successor; but the thorough-going demagogue, relying on the approval of the multitude, has always defeated his opponents. When the Conservatives took office in 1874, general satisfaction was expressed at the largeness of a majority which deprived the Home Rule section of the power of deciding party contests. Mr. PARNELL and his followers perhaps hope that in the next Parliament a more equal division will replace them in their former advantageous position. They are scarcely prudent in instituting before the general election a policy which will render combination difficult. The Convention, whatever course it may in other respects adopt, will not fail to use violent language; and English sympathy will be repelled by threats of secession. O'CONNELL and his Associates in a great measure caused the reaction against the Whig Government in the years which followed the Reform Bill. Long afterwards familiarity with Irish insurgents made Lancashire a Conservative county. On the other hand, it is not improbable that Home Rule may become more formidable in Ireland by renouncing professions of moderation. The priests have hitherto stood aloof from the movement, and they have never cordially supported Mr. PARNELL, who indeed lately attained a local victory over one of their candidates. Their influence over the people has perhaps diminished, but it must still be considerable. The more prudent members of the hierarchy probably doubt whether, in case of separation, they would succeed to the authority now exercised by England.

PRINCE BISMARCK AND THE CATHOLIC CLERGY.

THE Prussian Parliament has been dissolved, and the elections have been fixed for the 30th of September and the 7th of October. On the first of these days the constituencies will choose the electors, and on the second the electors will choose the representatives. The contest will be one of more than ordinary moment. The new Parliament will be asked to pass a self-denying ordinance. Prince BISMARCK has acknowledged that of late he has had a little too much of representative institutions. He wants to have a longer interval than a year in which to mature and work out his plans. Political schemes do not ripen as rapidly as the fruits of the earth, and the CHANCELLOR thinks that his ideas will sometimes be the better for a vacation of eighteen months instead of six. Of however little account he may make Parliament, it is annoying to be for ever reminded of it. If it were only called together biennially it would be easy to appropriate the alternate years to real business, and to reserve the year of its meeting for that profitless talk which is inseparable from the modern idea of Government. This is Prince BISMARCK's desire, and the only thing that remains to be done is to bring Parliament to see the merits of the arrangement he proposes. There is a clause in the Constitution to be altered, and there are certain formalities to be complied with before it can be altered. It would not do to proceed by way of a *coup d'état*, for the very sufficient reason that the adoption of this method would make Parliament appear of too much importance. Judicious mothers do not put their children out of the room if they can induce them to go out of their own accord; and where Parliament is concerned Prince BISMARCK has of late years very much affected the character of a judicious mother. But to get precisely the Parliament he wants requires some careful steering between opposing difficulties. Of late the PRINCE has made many advances towards the Ultramontanes, and in many respects the

Ultramontanes are likely to be his best friends in this particular matter. They do not care for Parliamentary government as such, and where the object to be gained is the partial extinction of Parliamentary government that is a great merit. Still it would not do for Prince BISMARCK to throw himself too completely into their hands. He may have other objects in view in which he cannot count upon their friendship, and if he went to the country as an Ultramontane, he might alienate more support than he would gain. Whatever he intends ultimately to do—a point which will probably be greatly determined by the result of the elections—he wishes his policy to remain in uncertainty until the elections are over. The interviews with the NUNCIO at Vienna which have occupied this week have probably been fixed just so long beforehand as will best enable the CHANCELLOR to conceal what passed until the return of the new Parliament has deprived the disclosure of most of its significance. By this means Prince BISMARCK is enabled to excite the hopes of each party in turn. The Ultramontanes are sanguine that the May Laws are going to be repealed. The Liberals cling to the hope that what it pleases them to call the inalienable rights of the State will be preserved, even though some relaxation is permitted in the machinery by which these rights are enforced.

A letter which Herr VON PUTTKAMER, the new Minister of Public Worship, has lately addressed to the clergy of Westphalia shows how thoroughly the CHANCELLOR has impressed upon his subordinates the necessity of not saying anything which can commit either themselves or him. The letter is an excellent example of the art of blowing hot and cold. The subject is the relative place of the Church and the State in elementary education, and a less skilful Minister would have avoided writing upon it until the elections had made his chief's course clear. But Herr VON PUTTKAMER knows better than to seem to shrink from his duty. The Westphalian clergy have written to him on this knotty point, and it is his business to give them an answer. The moral and religious instruction of children in schools, he begins, is a matter that interests in equal degrees the State, which is charged by law with the direction and supervision of all instruction, and the Church, whether Catholic or Protestant, which is charged with the salvation of souls. This statement has a remarkable likeness to some which have been made by the present POPE. When the clergy think the State friendly to them, nothing suits their purpose better than to preach the co-ordinate rights of the ecclesiastical and civil powers. This common interest, Herr VON PUTTKAMER goes on, ought to show itself in common work in the schools; and the desire of the Government is to give the ministers of the Church all the opportunities they can desire of co-operating with the State in the education of the young. For the last seven years this decent and useful harmony has been suspended, and the contention of the Westphalian clergy is that it has been suspended in consequence of the law of March 11, 1872, which declares schools to be State establishments, the supervision of which belongs exclusively to State officials. Herr VON PUTTKAMER declines to go into the question whether this description is an accurate one, or to inquire whether the present relations of the State with the schools are consistent with the liberty of the Catholic Church. He contents himself with declaring that, whether the system be good or bad, it is not a new one; that it was not created by the law of 1872; and that it has been in existence for more than a century, since, if it is no older in Prussia than 1845, it goes back in Silesia as far as 1765. If then, as the Westphalian clergy admit, it was possible for the Catholic Church before the law of 1872 to take part in the religious instruction of children in the character of a State official, there is no reason why it should not take a similar part now. The claim of the State to regulate the intervention of the Church in schools is of long standing, and the State is no more disposed than formerly so to interpret that claim as to dispense with the salutary co-operation of the Church. It is not the State but the Church that has changed its ground, and the indispensable preliminary to that energetic effort towards bringing about a better state of things in schools which the Government are anxious to make is that the clergy shall no longer set themselves in opposition to the laws which they formerly respected.

This apparently vigorous assertion of the rights of the State is no doubt meant to catch the votes of the National

Liberals. It is of much more importance to do this than to catch Ultramontane votes, because the Ultramontane members can be dealt with afterwards in a more direct fashion. If the reconciliation supposed to be impending between Prince BISMARCK and the Vatican really takes place, the Ultramontane members will vote with the Government, no matter under what colours they may have presented themselves to the electors. But the National Liberals will in many cases not be strong enough to run a candidate of their own, and they will then have to decide whether they will give their votes to a supporter of the Government or to a decided Liberal. If they can be induced to give their votes to the Government candidate, it will matter very little whether, after all, they approve the action which the Government may eventually take as regards the Church. The Government candidate will have been returned, and the success of the Government measures so far assured. Under these circumstances Prince BISMARCK may well leave the morrow to take thought for itself. Herr VON PUTTKAMER'S declaration that the State cannot resign the right of assigning to the Church the part which she is to play in education is never likely to be quoted against him with much effect. In a quarrel of this kind much more depends upon the spirit in which the laws are administered than upon the particular provisions which they contain. The Roman Catholic clergy were the obedient servants of the Prussian Government from 1848 to 1870, and with LEO XIII. at the Vatican it is not very clear why they should not be the obedient servants of the State again. So long as Prince BISMARCK lives there is no danger that the attitude of the State towards the Church will be determined by the forces which go to determine it in France or Belgium. In Prussia, no doubt, there is much of the same bitter antagonism towards religion that exists in the other two countries, but it has no influence on the Government. So long as Prince BISMARCK chose, for political reasons, to quarrel with the Catholic Church, he was compelled to accept the support of many whose hatred to the Church rested on moral and theological rather than on political grounds. But he has never been genuinely in sympathy with this section of his allies, and it will probably be a positive satisfaction to him to be freed from the necessity of making further concessions to them. Prince BISMARCK has usually too many alternative projects on hand to make it at all safe to predict which of them he will eventually adopt; but, in spite of much that points in a contrary direction, it will be surprising if the reconciliation with the Church does not in the end take place.

THE TRADES-UNION CONGRESS.

THE Trades-Union Congress which has been sitting at Edinburgh has a very inadequate appreciation of the utility of division of labour. If it had been better advised in this respect, it would not have devoted so large a part of the time it had to give to business to the discussion of what is called the land question. It is true, no doubt, that if one member of the body politic suffers, all the other members do in their degree suffer with it. But St. PAUL nowhere says that, if one member is suffering, it is expedient that all the other members should at once set to work to discuss the causes of his malady, and to suggest with what remedies it shall be treated. A large part of Mr. WRIGHT'S able address might have been appropriately read before a meeting of farmers or labourers, which is tantamount to saying that it could not be appropriately read before a meeting of artisans. If a meeting of the Farmers' Alliance or the Agricultural Labourers' Union were to undertake to settle the relations between the capitalist and the artisan, the members of the Trades-Union Congress would probably think that they were wandering out of their proper province. It is not very clear why the converse of the rule should not hold equally good. The importance of a subject does not of necessity qualify a man to discuss it. Mr. WRIGHT is a barrister, and at all events has the requisite technical information; but his hearers were equally ignorant as regards theory and practice. They neither know what the land laws are, nor how any particular modification of them would be likely to work. It will be said that in this last respect working-men are no worse off than other people. The results of any considerable legal change are often very different from what even ex-

perts expect them to be. But there is all the difference in the world between the error of an astronomer in calculating the relations of the heavenly bodies to one another, and the error of a man who knows no more about them than what he can see for himself on a clear night.

There was, it must be admitted, a special reason assigned by one of the speakers why Trade-Unions should take up this question. Mr. PRIOR, the Chairman of the Parliamentary Committee, stated that "year after year thousands of the agricultural population who, under more equitable legislation, might be happily and profitably employed upon the soil, were forced into our already overcrowded towns and cities, where their presence intensified and added bitterness to the struggle for existence which might be witnessed in our overstocked labour markets." Mr. PRIOR may possibly be right in believing that, if the soil were divided among a population of peasant-proprietors, a larger number of persons would be employed on it, but this is by no means to be taken for granted. Whatever may be the comparative advantages of cultivation by proprietors and cultivation by hired labourers, it is universally acknowledged that the proprietor works very much harder than the hired labourer. It is one of the arguments most relied on by the advocates of small properties that the sense of ownership gives a man a motive for work which nothing else can supply in at all an equal degree. Supposing, therefore, that Mr. PRIOR'S wish were realized, and the agricultural population were happily and profitably employed upon their own land, it is at least possible that the number so employed might be less than those who now find employment on other people's land. It is not to be expected that every agricultural labourer should be transformed into a peasant-proprietor, and those that remained over after the transformation of their neighbours had been completed might find that their arms and brains were no longer wanted. In that case the migration to our already overcrowded towns and cities would go on to a still greater extent than before the equitable legislation desired by Mr. PRIOR. In point of fact, no one has more cause than the artisan to deprecate any sudden or violent derangement of the land system. The immediate effect of anything of the sort would probably be to throw a large number of labourers out of work, and when there is nothing to be done in the country, it is only natural that countrymen should try what is to be done in the towns. The condition of the agricultural labourer would not have been as prosperous as it is if it had not been for the excessive manufacturing production of a few years back, which emptied the rural districts of their surplus hands. Mr. PRIOR evidently thinks that only a reform of the land laws is wanted to start a return movement, which shall plant the surplus hands of the manufacturing towns on the soil which by some unexplained process they will have bought and paid for.

When the members of the Congress confined themselves to the work that more naturally belonged to them, there was much that is interesting about their proceedings. It is undoubtedly true that in many of the recent trade disputes the attitude of the masters has been far from conciliatory. They have again and again rejected proposals for submitting the differences between themselves and their workmen to arbitration, and have thus provoked a resort to that last and worst remedy, a strike. It may, however, be pleaded in extenuation of the masters' conduct that the issues between them and their workmen have of late been unusually ill-suited to this mode of decision. When masters and workmen differ upon a question of fact, such as the rate of profit in a particular trade at a particular moment, arbitration is exactly suited for the work that has to be done. Both parties are agreed that, if the case is as the other represents it, their own contention cannot be sustained. If profits are as much as you think, says the master to the workman, I acknowledge that I can pay you the wages you ask. If profits are no more than you think, says the workman to the master, I acknowledge that you cannot pay me what I ask. Here is clearly an occasion for bringing out the books, and ascertaining by impartial investigation what the profits really are. The case is different when the point in dispute is not the average rate of profit in a trade, but the ability of a particular master, or set of masters, to go on working with profits what they are. In this instance the position of the employer is simply, I know my own affairs and my own interests better than any one else, and I am clear that, with the wages I am at present

paying, it will serve my turn better to close my mill altogether than to go on working it. What is an arbitrator to say in a case of this kind? No amount of argument can convince a reluctant employer that the arbitrator knows his interest better than he does himself; and, short of this demonstration, what is the reasoning that can avail to make him keep his mill open?

Of course it is only in times of exceptional depression that the issue between masters and workmen admits of being stated in this way. In the ordinary conditions of business there is, as Mr. WRIGHT says, a rate of wages which, though continually varying as regards each particular place and each particular trade, may yet, for that place and trade and time, be called a fair rate of wages—such a rate, that is, as can be given and yet leave to the masters the amount of profit which on an average capital invested in that particular business is expected to yield. Mr. WRIGHT maintains that, though it would ordinarily be easy for a mixed Board of employers and workmen to say in any particular place and trade what is a fair wage, yet, in order to give confidence in the decisions arrived at, there should be an appeal from the decision of the local Board to a general Board of appeal sitting in London, and commanding, as it would do, the services of the ablest and most impartial men in the country. If either a strike or a lock-out were persisted in against the decision of a court including such men as Lord DERBY or Mr. BRASSEY, it would be persisted in at the greatest possible disadvantage. Public sympathy would be entirely with the side which could appeal to the Court of Arbitration in justification of its position. That the creation of such a tribunal would be a very great step towards getting rid of the present imperfect methods of working out trade disputes there can be no question, and if the Trades-Union Congress will really address itself to the preparation of some such scheme, it will be doing a real service alike to its own constituents and to employers.

THE CITY OF LONDON AND THE VESTA.

THIS case was argued before the WRECK COMMISSIONER and two assessors during last week, and judgment was given on Saturday. By this judgment the master and pilot of the *City of London* were altogether absolved, and the pilot in charge of the *Vesta* was condemned as responsible for the accident. It is to be observed that the decision of the Court, though given after a full and formal trial, has no practical result except in so far as it affects the pilot, who may be suspended by the Trinity House. The COMMISSIONER took the trouble to point out in his judgment that the Court was not called upon to decide the civil liabilities of the owners of either of the vessels, or even to say whether one or the other of them was in charge of a pilot by compulsion of law so as to exonerate the owner from legal responsibility. All that the tribunal had to decide was which steamer was to blame for the collision. If the Aberdeen Steam Navigation Company, to whom the vessel which was the most injured belongs, seeks to recover compensation, there must be another elaborate trial in another Court which may come to a different conclusion from the WRECK COMMISSIONER and his assessors, whose decision, however, it cannot, legally speaking, reverse. No doubt this is as it should be, as in our jurisprudence there is always plenty of latitude for difference of opinion amongst judges; but still it is not wonderful that sailors, who are prejudiced men, and take perhaps too practical a view of matters which concern them, should say that one of the principal objects of maritime law appears to be the welfare of the estimable persons who practise in the Admiralty Courts.

The facts of the collision which have thus in a half-and-half fashion been pronounced on were remarkable as showing very clearly the want of a definite rule of the road on the Thames, and also as showing the manner in which a precaution necessary in navigating that river is disregarded. The accident itself was a very serious one, which might have resulted in great loss of life, as both vessels carried passengers, and the *City of London* had a considerable number on board. From the evidence given on the trial before the WRECK COMMISSIONER it appeared that the first-named vessel, a screw-steamer of 564 tons burden, with engines of 275 horse-power, left Limehouse at 8.20 P.M. on the 13th of last month bound for Aberdeen. With the tide against her she went down the river at a mode-

rate speed until Blackwall was reached, after which the rate of progress was quickened, and Bugsby's Reach, Woolwich Reach, and the upper part of Gallion's Reach were traversed at full speed, which was, however, brought down to half speed in the lower part of the reach on account of the number of vessels in it and in Barking Reach. After the *City of London* had rounded Margaret Ness or Tripcock Point, where the river makes a turn and trends towards the east, the masthead light and the green—i.e. the right-hand—light of a steamer were seen about a point on her port bow, or, in untechnical language, ahead and a little to the left of her. The craft of which the lights were thus seen was the *Vesta*, a Hamburg steamer of 623 tons burden, which was proceeding up the river at considerable speed. After passing Tripcock Point the *City of London's* helm was ported—i.e. she was made to turn to the right, so as to bring her to the southern shore; and, shortly afterwards, when the *Vesta's* lights had been in sight about a minute, the helm of the *City of London* was slightly ported again. At this time it seems clear that the red, or left-hand, light of the latter steamer was seen on board the *Vesta*. On the northern side of Barking Reach there is a slight elbow or point, with only twelve feet of water; and, as this has to be rounded, vessels do not steer a perfectly straight course along the reach. From the manner in which the lights of the two vessels were seen, it ought apparently to have seemed probable to those in charge of them that, as they altered their courses in rounding the point, they might be end on to each other. The pilot in charge of the *City of London* foresaw this danger and slightly ported his helm as already stated. Then, seeing that the green light was still approaching him, he put the helm more to port and ordered the engines to be "slowed"; and shortly afterwards they were stopped and reversed. But none of these precautions were of any avail. The *Vesta*, after the left-hand light of the *City of London* had been observed, or after it ought to have been observed, by those on board her, continued her course along the reach without altering it in any way. When she was drawing near to the other vessel it was seen that some barges were in the way, and her helm was starboarded—i.e. she was turned to the left. This change in her course took her straight on to the *City of London*. The danger was perceived, and the engines were stopped and reversed; but it was too late to avoid a collision. The *Vesta* crashed into the other vessel's port side, hitting her nearly amidships, and cutting through her coal bunkers into the engine-room. With this huge gash in her side, the *City of London* must have been in considerable danger of sinking with most of those on board her; but happily both the captains preserved their presence of mind, and no lives were lost. The commander of the disabled vessel at once hailed the other not to leave him. The latter obeyed, and, holding on, so to speak, to the *City of London*, pushed her gradually, at the request of her captain, to the southern shore, and put her aground there. All the passengers were able to leave with safety, and apparently no one was even hurt.

Although, however, neither passengers nor sailors were drowned, the collision was a very grave one, and, as the night was clear, it obviously was not an unavoidable accident. As has been said, the WRECK COMMISSIONER held that the pilot in charge of the *Vesta* was to blame for this collision, and there does not seem to be any reason for doubting the justice of this decision, although it must be said that Mr. ROTHERY's judgment is obscure, and that he in some respects makes contradictory statements as to the place at which the accident occurred. In the main, however, the conclusion to which he and his assessors came was most likely the right one. Their opinion was seemingly that, as there was a possibility of the two vessels meeting end on, owing to the change in course made necessary by the bend in the river, they were practically meeting vessels, and that therefore the rule of the road for meeting vessels had to be followed. This declares that when two vessels are meeting in such a way as to involve risk of collision, the helms of both shall be put to port, so that each may pass on the port (left) side of the other. The pilot of the *City of London* foresaw the danger of meeting the other vessel end on, and ported. The pilot of the *Vesta* held his course for some time, and then starboarded his helm, thereby doing exactly what he ought not to have done. He was therefore pronounced by the COMMISSIONER to be entirely responsible for the collision.

If this view is right, the accident was due to remarkable carelessness on the part of a man who ought to have been thoroughly competent, and it seems a little startling to find a qualified pilot making so grave a mistake; but, probably such carelessness is exceptional, and perhaps the *Vesta* was a good deal hampered by the barges in her way. In any case an error in judgment on the part of the pilot does not call for much comment, as pilots, like other men, are, and always will be, liable to make blunders. What is more worth attention than the mistake made in starboarding the helm of the *Vesta* is the fact that the accident was partly caused and was made the more grave by the neglect of a precaution which, it is to be feared, is very frequently neglected by those who take charge of passenger steamers. Generally speaking, vessels carrying cargo only go through the crowded parts of the river at a very moderate pace, thereby greatly diminishing the chances of mishap. The captains of passenger steamers, on the contrary, too often take their vessels up and down the river at considerable speed, and by not paying attention to one of the first conditions of safety in the waters of the Thames, put their own and other craft in danger. In the present instance it is to be noticed that even the *City of London*, which appears to have been navigated with great care, went at full speed through Woolwich Reach and half way down Gallion's Reach. The *Vesta* had come the whole way from Gravesend at full speed, which was never checked until she was close to the other vessel. Then the engines were reversed; but, owing to the way the steamer had on her, this produced little effect, and she struck the *City of London* a terrific blow. Her speed was not, it is true, the sole cause of the collision, but undoubtedly it contributed to make that collision disastrous; and the chance of such grave accidents must often be incurred when vessels steam rapidly through the narrow and winding channel of the Thames, crowded by night, as by day, with craft of all kinds. Yet probably there was nothing very unusual in what the *Vesta* did. Passenger steamers constantly proceed up the river at considerable speed, and perhaps the captains are not greatly to be blamed; as, if they were to take the precautions which are taken with cargo steamers, their vessels would lose all character for punctuality. A character for punctuality may, however, be too dearly earned, and clearly the practice of rushing up and down the river to save a few hours ought to be discontinued, or, if necessary, put a stop to by law. In some parts of the Thames high speed and safety are often incompatible, and danger to life and property is surely more worthy of consideration than the inconvenience which passengers may occasionally suffer from arriving somewhat late at their destination.

Another source of peril was made abundantly manifest by the recent collision, as indeed it was by that which occurred between the *Bywell Castle* and the *Princess Alice*. This is the want of a clear and definite rule of the road suited to the navigation of the Thames. At present the rules of the road at sea are supposed to prevail; but it has been shown with small difficulty that they are utterly unfitted for a winding river like the Thames. In the present case the two steamers which came into collision were, for some time after they had sighted each other, crossing vessels according to the existing regulations, and only by a somewhat strained construction was it held that the case must be governed by the rule respecting meeting vessels. The insufficiency of the present ordinances and the want of better laws was plainly evident in this, as it has been in other cases; and it is to be hoped that when a new code is drawn up for the Thames, the facts of this accident will not have been forgotten. Most unfortunately the Thames Traffic Committee declined—with much hesitation it must be said—to recommend the one rule which would prevent such mishaps as the recent collision. This is the "starboard side rule," according to which vessels going down the river keep to one side of it, and those going up to the other. Had it been in force, the pilot of the *Vesta* could hardly have made the mistake he did. He would have known that it was his duty to keep to the north side of mid-channel, and that under no circumstances was he justified in crossing over to the south side; and would not have had to puzzle himself with geometrical calculations as to whether two vessels which at first seemed to be crossing each other might not ultimately meet end on. In many other cases disaster would have been prevented if an absolute law which could be misunderstood by no one had prevailed. It is greatly to be hoped that the necessity for such a regulation may be recognized

by those who will have to determine how the difficult and overcrowded river is to be navigated. It would be hard indeed if, after much deliberation, one set of inapplicable rules were substituted for another.

THE SENTIMENT OF HUMANITY.

HUMAN nature has always been so consistent with itself that when men speak as if their own generation were a peculiar people, they are generally mistaken. Yet it is impossible to doubt that the present age is not only one of transition (as we are frequently told), but one of humane feeling. Our "mild blue eyes wax tender over drowning flies"—over Russian political prisoners, exiled Circassians, oppressed Bulgarians, and many other persons who probably never expected to be pitied. Allowances must be made, of course, for convenient hypocrisies. We all admit that it is nefarious and sickly sentimentalism to deplore the ill-treatment of persons in whom we are not interested. Thus Bishop Colenso is, we suppose, comparatively indifferent to the agonies of a heterodox Zulu medicine-man tortured to death by Cetewayo, while with Cetewayo, in his present misfortunes, he has the sincerest sympathy. And Lord Elcho cannot sufficiently commiserate the victims of the African monarch's cruelty, while he did not take the lead in deploring the excesses of the Turkish soldiery. As far as political humanity of feeling is concerned, we partly disbelieve in the cruelties attributed to the side we stand up for, and partly we hold that the victims, if victims there were, got no more than they deserved and were accustomed to endure. Nor can much be made of the argument that humanity is constantly appealed to at present, and that there is a lively trade in competitive "atrocities." For it is to be observed that Theebaw, the young Burmese prince, is accused of actions more ferocious than any attributed to Ezzelin; and yet not even Sir Bartle Frere has proposed to "go for" Theebaw, and hunt him like a partridge in the mountains. In political affairs professions of humanity have always been current, and have always been one-sided. Milton spoke severely about "the bloody Piemontese," but then he was interested in the politics and religion of the victims of the persecutions. We always charged the French with frightful cruelties in the old wars, and no doubt the French replied with like accusations. If the South did half the things of which the North declared them guilty in the American war, the South were "anti-human specimens of humanity." Humanity has always been a political stalking-horse, and its many canters in recent years only prove that political feelings are active and excited. Yet when allowance is duly made, when the Bulgarian and the Nihilist, the Zulu and the bloodthirsty British private, have cancelled each other, we remain a highly humane and sensitive generation. We really do heartily abhor cruelty; and the question we must ask is, How far is this abhorrence manly and enlightened, and how far is it morbid and sentimental?

Humane feeling shows itself in wars, or "crusades," as they are foolishly called, against vivisection, field sports, the ill-treatment of women and children, judicial torture, ferocious punishments, the bullying of schoolboys, and the savage religious rites of barbarous races in possession of diamond-fields or good grazing-grounds. We may put aside the disgusting controversy about the carving of living animals, and the well-worn discussion of the morality of field sports. It is enough for the moment to consider "what man has done to man." It would be worse than paradoxical to deny that cruelty causes, and has caused, a large proportion of that abundant human misery which fills history with its helpless cry. Bullying at school, to take a modern instance, poisons life almost at its well-head. Torture is a blunder as well as a crime, though zealous Indian Civil Servants may not always be persuaded of this truth. Punishments like those abominable ones inflicted not very long ago on regicides and traitors only win pity for the malefactor, while they demoralize the spectators. All the oppression that is done to the weak is a hideous thing, and it is an excellent sentiment which makes philanthropists refuse to rest till these wrongs are righted. But it does not follow that the nervous shrinking from the thought of inflicting pain, the tenderness which takes the side of foxes, salmon, and partridges, is in all cases honourable and manly. Much cruelty has been, we may hope, the result, not of pleasure in the infliction of pain, but of want of sympathy, or of an exaggerated theory of fortitude. People have not been aware, in the full sense of the word, of the agony they were causing. They have been blinded by stupidity and custom. They have often acted as if they reasoned that the natural world is hard and insensible, and that, by beholding exquisite torments inflicted and bravely borne, men might learn fortitude, the first of moral lessons. This idea was at the bottom of the Spartan cruelties, of the tortures which Red Indians prepare for their own young men as well as for the captured foe, and of the painful initiatory rites of the Australian tribes. The grotesque cruelties of schoolboys have often appeared to spring from the same source; they are a half-humorous initiation into practical life, which is not tender-hearted. The cruelties of Assyrian conquerors and of religious persecutors have been the systematic employment of severe means to secure important ends. In all these cases, and in many more which will readily occur to the memory, tortures have been inflicted by people who were either ready to endure them in their turn, or who perhaps had already borne them, and could not plead

ignorance of their nature. This is the chief palliation of the barbarities which disgrace human history; they were matters of course, things to which all were liable when the lot fell on them, when their religion ceased to be dominant, or when a stronger than they came against them and tormented them. Thus it may be said that cruelty, in certain ages and in certain conditions of society, was the obverse of fortitude, the other side of the medal. When a Chinese looks on at one of the hideous executions sanctioned by his laws, or when an Assyrian contemplated scenes of wholesale savagery like those depicted in the reliefs from Nineveh, he was not corrupted as a French lady was corrupted who saw Damians slain, or as an English lady is demoralized who gloats over the agonies of condemned criminals. The Chinese or the Red Indian suffers no more in his moral nature than does the chaplain who is present at an execution. Europeans, bred in a different school, must either resent the spectacle of cruelty or be corrupted by it. Only there is such a thing as resenting cruelty in the wrong way and for the wrong reasons, and this sort of indignation may be actually contemptible and effeminate.

A good deal of cruelty, as has so often been said, springs from ignorance, stupidity, want of sympathy. Pity is the consequence of sympathy and insight. But it is possible to pity the victims of pain too much, or rather to pity them in the wrong way, because we ourselves shrink too much from pain. If Red Indians inflict torture, it is because they are sure they could bear it themselves, and bear it with a certain proud satisfaction. Now there is scarcely any accusation which is so certain to excite general anger and horror as the charge of inflicting judicial torture. It has been often alleged—and proof and disproof are perhaps alike out of the question—that Solovieff was tortured to make him divulge the names of his accomplices. No statement could better suit the purpose of the persons who make it, or excite more popular hatred against the Russian Government. This indignation is laudable in itself, and yet the man who feels it has little right to plume himself on his virtue till he has asked himself why he is angry. It is possible that he may be merely reversing the intellectual process of the Red Indian, who only does what he would be content to suffer. It may be his extreme and worse than effeminate shrinking from pain that moves him to indignation. He may be angry that a punishment exists which he knows he himself could not endure. His resentment is only virtuous so far as it leads to action, so far as it makes him spare other sentient beings. It is to be noticed that the kind of humanity and pity which springs, to speak plainly, from physical fear acting on the imagination, is not confined to judgments of human actions. The universe, and even its Creator, are arraigned at the tribunal of humanitarianism, and found guilty of want of consideration for human feeling. There is obviously a weak place in the doctrine which unfits us for living in the world in which we are placed—the doctrine that produces theories, for example, of *euthanasia*. The very reaction against this excessive softness of heart is dangerous, and we see writers, naturally mild and even gushing, ready to excuse the massacres of Caesar and to palliate the cruelties of "Flogging Fitzgerald." All the forms of this sentimentalism are the result of the sympathetic "extension of self" when the "self" happens to be a second-rate timorous self. Thus, though modern humanitarianism is more respectable than the feline cruelty of some weak natures, and less dangerous than the humorous cruelty of many strong, untaught natures, it is still a sentiment with a flabby root, and its fruits must be of watery and dubious quality. One knows the worst of cruel actions committed by people ready to endure what they inflict; but it is impossible to see the end of a tenderness which springs from want of courage. It is only certain that tenderness of that sort must alternate with ferocious reactions and a sentimental love of brutality for its own sake. Exhibitions of these qualities are fortunately made, not in action, but only in print; in print, however, they are tolerably common. It is often a mere accident whether a humanitarian will be all for *euthanasia*, anodynes, and the abolition of the Game-laws, or whether he will turn round fiercely on himself and keep up his courage by applauding bold, bad men. As sensitiveness is often found in company with literary skill, the world suffers just now from popular advisers of both these kinds; both are very mischievous, but the brutal sentimentalist is the less sincere and the more contemptible of the two.

THE ROLL OF THE PEERS.

IT is common among people of superficial knowledge to remark upon the modern character of our House of Lords. We are frequently told that there are few old families in the peerage; that the English nobility is of mushroom growth beside the old French noblesse; that the pedigree of a German prince of very moderate fortune is vastly longer than that of some of our wealthiest dukes, and so on. But, on reading over the roll annually issued, one must be struck with the antiquity of a majority of the titles it enumerates, although some of our best families, such as the Scropes and the Harleys, are not included from extinction of title, and the Sneyds because they have never been ennobled. This might, not much more than a hundred years since, have been said of the Grosvenors, though descended from the Conqueror's huntsman. Now they are among dukes, not a little because of the lucky inheritance of a dairy-farm near London, which is now Belgravia and

Grosvenoria. When we meet with an old French title it does not occur to us to doubt that it decorates a descendant of the original grantee. And as a matter of fact this is often the case. But there is no analogy, except in sound, between a French title and an English one. The French—and the Germans and Italians also—have no peerage, in our sense of the word, and, roughly speaking, never had. A peerage like ours implies several conditions which never came into existence elsewhere. To be an earl or a duke in England is to hold an office. The office is hereditary, but only under very strict limitations; and as peers sit by order of creation, the date, in the most technical sense, of each title is a matter of practical importance. The peerage is forfeited by crime, and is extinguished by the failure of the heirs named in the original grant. It is not retrospective, and does not ennoble the collateral family of the holder for the time being, nor his issue beyond the first generation. If the dukedom of, let us say, Montmorency had been subject to forfeiture, or to extinction on the failure of direct heirs, or abeyance, would it have subsisted till the other day, as practically it did subsist? Nothing but the extinction of every possible male heir could terminate the existence of such a title. In England it would have been extinct perhaps a dozen times, and might have been revived over and over again among the heirs of the original grantees; but at each re-grant the new duke would have begun to take the lowest place among his peers, and some wise-acre would have remarked that there were no English peers to compare with the French noblesse. On the other hand, the fact that a rise in the peerage starts the fortunate man with the new date of his more exalted title gives a false appearance of modernness to peerages whose history includes not only antiquity but success.

We may take, for example, such a title as the dukedom of Norfolk, which we find on the roll immediately after the Royal family and the great functionaries of State. It is common to speak of this as a typical example of the newness of our old nobility, for, though the title stands at the top of the list, it only dates from 1483. But to argue thus betrays a very mistaken view of the subject. The dukedom of Norfolk was first granted, not in 1483, but in 1397, and the present Duke is the descendant and representative of the first duke, who was the descendant and representative of the first earl, who was the son of King Edward I. Few family titles on the Continent can have a higher origin. On the Continent, however, it would not have been extinguished and re-granted over and over again, but would have had exactly the permanence of the surname of the family which first held it. It would be easy to show the same thing in the case of a large number of the peers now on the roll. There are, of course, as every one knows, a considerable number of dukes who owe their honours more or less directly to descent from the mistress of a king; but, putting them aside, and also putting aside those who trace to great generals like Marlborough and Wellington, the families which remain and the titles they bear will compare favourably, in point either of antiquity or nobility, with those of any other modern country. The Seymours, who are next to Norfolk on the ducal roll, are, compared with that great descent, modern among ducal families, though they have borne for more than three hundred years the proud title of Somerset, long vested in the Crown or held by a member of the royal family. On the other hand, the Duke of Northumberland—the actual date of whose patent is not much more than a century old—inherits the representation of a family which had been earls of Northumberland from 1377, and had previously flourished as barons from the time of the Conquest. Brydges, or Nugent, or Greville (for he is *ὀνομασίων πολλῶν μορφή μία*), Duke of Buckingham, is, on the contrary, a comparatively modern tenant of the to him strictly territorial dignity, although he is the namesake of dukes and earls of Buckingham stretching far back into the middle ages, and although personally he claims through females to be the heir of the Plantagenets; the earls of Rutland were ten in succession before they became dukes; and the first earl was himself eighteenth in succession to the barony of Roos (now somewhat strangely called "de Ros," and as such second on the list of our baronies), and was moreover grand-nephew of a king. He was thus descended from, but was not, heraldically speaking, the heir of, the first Earl of Rutland, Edmund of Langley. There are, of course, many comparatively new titles, like those of Devonshire and Bedford, neither of them as dukes quite two hundred years old, where the present holders are not descended from or connected with any mediæval holders of the same title. It is, however, among the earls that we find the longest pedigrees in the male line. The earldom of Shrewsbury, which is properly that of the county of Salop, is the oldest unmerged in some higher dignity; but the earldom of the county of Sussex and that of the county of Surrey, both merged in the dukedom of Norfolk, have descended in the same succession from the Conquest. The male lines of the Arundels or Fitz-Alans and of the Warrens have long failed; but Talbot flourishes still, as do Stanley, Courtenay, and Hastings. All the old Nevil earldoms have failed, and the present representative of the family, though he has two, has lately become a marquess, and his earldoms are modern. The Greys still represent in the male line a family which has been in the peerage in various ranks from the first, and the Wests still hold a title conferred on their direct paternal ancestor by Edward III. The older baronies have almost all gone out of the male lines, except (in Ireland, however) the De Courcys, who sixteen months hence will have been barons of Kingsale for seven hundred years; but representatives of many ancient families still sit among their peers by newer titles.

A comparison of the present roll with older lists brings out another fact which also is sometimes misunderstood. We are constantly being told that the House of Lords has largely increased in numbers, which is true. But we are also told that it has increased in proportion to the population, which is not so certain. At the beginning of the fourteenth century Edward I. summoned one hundred and nine lay peers, besides bishops and abbots. The population of England was then a little over two millions. The roll before us enumerates five hundred separate peerages, of which forty-four are Scotch or Irish representatives. So that we have now 456 peers to a population of about twenty-two millions. If to the 109 lay lords of Edward I. we add the spiritual peers—including, besides the twenty-one bishops, the mitred abbots—it is obvious that the Upper House was, in proportion to the population, more than three times as large in 1300 as in 1879. As in the beginning of the reign of Henry VIII. there were only forty-nine peers of all kinds, the population being then about four and a half millions, the proportion was about half what it is at present. At the beginning of the reign of Queen Elizabeth the number of peers was eighty-nine, and the population a little above five millions; so that the proportion was somewhat less than at present. Mr. Stubbs has made some interesting notes on the subject, from which it appears that during the reign of Henry IV. the number of temporal lords never exceeded fifty, under Henry V. forty, and under Henry VI. fifty-five. Small as these numbers are, even when increased by the addition of the bishops and abbots, they still, in proportion to the population, make the House of Lords very much the same as it is now. The actual numbers have varied very much. In the reign of Charles II. the temporal peers were seldom more than 150; but under his successor they increased to 176. This figure had doubled at the death of George III., and in the short reign of George IV. the House received an increase of sixty new peers. At the beginning of the present reign the number of peers of all degrees and kinds, including the Scotch and Irish, stood at 456, so that—setting new creations on the one hand against extinctions on the other—nearly fifty peerages have been added since. In the same period the population has increased by a third, and if the number of the peers had been increased in proportion, it would now stand not at 500, but at 750.

The roll is in many respects an interesting document. The historical sentimentalist may find more than enough in the way of romantic association among the names. The "glories of our blood and State" are called up over and over again. Norfolk reminds him of the lists at Coventry:—

The Duke of Norfolk, sprightly and bold,
Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

Somerset recalls the Protector of Edward VI., Exeter and Salisbury the two Cecils, Shaftesbury the great agitator of the Restoration, Marlborough the general of Queen Anne, Portland the friend of William III. and the Prime Minister of George III., Newcastle the Minister of George IV., Bute the favourite of the Princess Dowager. What memories dwell with the names of Pembroke, of Devon and Derby, of Westmoreland and Carlisle! On the other hand, Chatham, Rockingham, Grenville, Liverpool, Canning, Melbourne, and Lyndhurst have passed away. But when we come to the most numerous order, that of the baronage, older memories still are awakened. Here are still Mowbray and Hastings, Clifford and Dacre, Botreaux and Camoys, Beaumont and Willoughby, Lovel and Saye. Of the baronies by writ which still survive, a few are merged in higher titles. Out of about thirty three belong to dukes, two to marquesses, and four to earls. But the most vivid impressions are probably conveyed to our minds by the names of the law lords. What the old fighting crusaders were in the middle ages the combative lawyers are now, who, by much speaking, by much contention, by great intellectual victories, have proved themselves worthy of seats among the peers. There are still on the roll the titles of Brougham and Thurlow and St. Leonards and Plunket; there are still Earls of Rosslyn and Eldon and Cottenham, while those of Clarendon, Somers, and Mansfield revive through the female line by later creations the memories of illustrious Chancellors. But representatives of genuine warfare are not absent, and besides Stanhope, Wellington, Nelson, St. Vincent, Hood, Exmouth, and others of a former generation, we have the names of many Indian heroes. Hardinge and Gough stand side by side in the roll as viscounts; Napier of Magdala, Strathnairn, and Sandhurst are found among the barons. The heroes of diplomacy are, as a rule, unfairly estimated in public or vulgar opinion, but they have contributed names to the peerage of which any patriotic nation may be proud; so has that great school of statesmanship, the vice-regal office. The great names in medicine are alone unrepresented. It is said that George IV. desired to ennobles Sir Henry Hallford, but was deterred by the absence of precedent. A comparison of the roll with Mr. Shirley's list of families who held land before the accession of the Tudors shows, of the three hundred and thirty names, upwards of a hundred figuring as peers. The roll itself is probably not intended to attract literary criticism. It is nevertheless, as just issued, a very anomalous document. Something more than the light of nature will be required to reveal the reason which causes the compiler to withhold the Prince of Wales's Christian name. All the other peers, with one conspicuous exception, have theirs given. The exception is the Earl of Berkeley, whose title exists, but is not assumed. The Prince of Wales, it may be observed, sits in the House of Lords as a prince, not, as has often been asserted, as Duke of Cornwall. The ranks of the peerage comprise kings and princes as well as dukes and the

inferior titles, although there is no king and only one prince in the peerage now. The Duke of Cumberland, although entitled "His Royal Highness," is placed among the dukes in the precedence of his dukedom, and not with his cousins, the children of the Queen. There are some typographical eccentricities also observable. Why is there a mark over the *m* in Somers? Why is Queensberry spelt without any *n*? Why are some peers named twice? It is easy to understand that the Lord Chancellor, the Lord President, and other Ministers of the Crown should appear in their places as high officers, and also in their order as lords; but why should the Earl of Loudoun appear in one place as Lord Botreaux and in another as Lord Hastings? The noble Earl inherited, not only the Scottish earldom with its subsidiary titles, but a whole batch of English baronies, through the independent channels of Hastings and Grey de Ruthven, and might on this principle require pretty nearly a roll to himself. Lord Mowbray only figures once, yet, not to quote baronies which he claims, he also enjoys the title of, and was formerly known as, Lord Stourton.

VISITORS' BOOKS.

THE Visitors' Book lies at the very root of the tourist system, and is not to be reformed away. The "Red Lion" or "Nag's Head" is re-christened "Grand Hotel." The portly landlord is replaced by a German manager; instead of "Boots" in his shirt-sleeves, a sleek waiter with an imperfect knowledge of English carries the luggage upstairs; the old bell-pull, which used to come off in the hands of the impetuous, has been taken down, and the sharp ring caused by its electric substitute is varied by the deafening sounds of a huge gong which announces dinner. But the dingy old volume still keeps its place on the hall-table, and not even the Hotel Company, Limited, dares to remove it. With infinite variety of expression, its pages all tell the same story. Sometimes the writer imitates the terseness of a telegram:—"Good inn; clean, comfortable, cheap." Sometimes the same meaning is expressed in what is known as "Telegraph" style:—"We can fully endorse the various encomiums upon the numerous excellences of this little hostelry." Adverse opinions are not to be found, and as it is difficult to believe that no irate tourist has ever committed his wrath to writing, we are perhaps justified in laying on the landlord's shoulders some share of the blame for pages torn out which our host himself casts entirely upon unscrupulous collectors. The object of the landlord in keeping a visitors' book is simple enough; but it is difficult to extract from a tourist the reason of his affection for the volume. He will say that he likes to see whether any of his friends have passed that way; that he wishes to leave his own name for the benefit of any who may come after him; perhaps he takes higher ground, and says that it is only fair to bear witness to the good character of the hotel, and to make suggestions for the benefit of future guests. All this is mere pretence; the real explanation is to be found in the tendency ridiculed by so many writers from Juvenal to Mark Twain. The literary vanity which most people secretly cherish may be gratified by writing feeble prose or feebler verse in the pages of the visitors' book, and thus the unappreciated genius obtains a certain publicity for thoughts and feelings which would otherwise perish unsung. The practice is harmless, and even entertaining; now and then some really good lines are to be found among the miscellaneous collection of elegant extracts; more frequently one meets with contributions whose utter absurdity renders them amusing. It is useful, too, as a safety-valve. Had there been an inn in the Forest of Arden, Orlando would no doubt have celebrated his Rosalind's charms in the visitors' book, to the great advantage of the young trees; tablets slung round the neck of the Sphinx might have saved that mysterious animal from being defaced in many languages, from Greek downwards. The young lady who has just poured over the page a torrent of superlative adjectives will perhaps abstain from recording her impressions on the walls of the old abbey; and even 'Arry's autographs, scattered broadcast through the book, may possibly figure less prominently than usual in the surrounding scenery.

The length of contributions to this class of literature is usually in inverse proportion to their value; and those who leave behind them a name, and nothing more, are often the very people whose impressions would be worth having. The Alpine climber might have told us which was the most interesting route up the mountain, and we should have liked to know what point the great art critic considered most favourable for a view of the lake. Our regret that "David Cox, London," did not leave a memorial of his visit is tempered by the reflection that the page containing it would certainly have been torn out long ago. With a large number of visitors breakfast and dinner seem to have been the chief considerations. The importance thus attached to eating and drinking need not excite much wonder; but we cannot help admiring the beautiful simplicity with which it is avowed. Approval of the cooking is expressed with the greatest heartiness; one man becomes absolutely enthusiastic over a pudding, and painful results have been brought about by fondly relying upon a tourist's recommendation of the claret. Of those who leave on record more than their mere name and opinion of the cooking, the majority write in verse. Perhaps, with all deference to the opinion of Lamartine and Mr. Carlyle, it is well that they should do so; the "gew-gaw fetters of

rhyme" act as a salutary check to diffuseness, and the few efforts at high-flown prose which the book contains are sadly lengthy. Most of the compositions of this class are dated a generation or so ago, and are written in a thin angular character, which looks like a series of *m's*, varied by an occasional *l*. The style is stilted, and the matter worthy of "Laura Matilda." Whatever modern education may have left undone, it has certainly improved ladies' handwriting, and reduced the number of polysyllables in common use. We never read of "walking tours" in old visitors' books; they are always "pedestrian excursions." People are often "gratified," sometimes "delighted," seldom "pleased." What Dr. Wendell Holmes calls epizic literature is always largely represented. It is surprising with what minuteness amateur critics examine everything, pounce upon the most trifling mistakes, and give their verdict upon the merits of each literary effort. We have seen a paper warfare several pages long waged about a few lines of verse which some diffident person, not venturing upon originality, has copied, and ascribed to Byron; the contest rages as keenly as that on the authorship of the "Letters of Phalaris" or the unity of the Homeric poems. There is scarcely a poet in the English language to whom the lines are not attributed by some admirer. The last word in the discussion is spoken by a critic of judicial turn of mind, who compromises the question thus:—"The lines are Longfellow's, the spelling is not." A cynical gentleman who reproves at some length the folly of writing in visitors' books, is fairly retorted upon with the well-known couplet from *Rejected Addresses* :—

He who, in quest of silence, "Silence!" hoots
Is apt to make the hubbub he imputes.

The pleasure of the makers of these repartees must be somewhat marred by the knowledge that they may never come to the ear, or eye, of the persons at whom they are aimed; but there is no doubt some comfort in reflecting that they are, on that account, less likely to be answered.

The few entries made in foreign languages are a ground of honest pride, mingled with curiosity, to the hostess. German and Greek excite her wonder more than Latin and French. It is true that to her all are alike unintelligible; but the Greek and German characters she cannot even read, which is an additional source of mystery. Sometimes educated people make an unfair use of their knowledge for the purpose of veiling criticisms which would never be allowed to remain if expressed in the vulgar tongue. A certain landlady was always very anxious to display to her guests a testimonial which had been given, she said, by a gentleman who was a "great scholar"; it was beautifully expressed, she informed them, and ended with a piece of "real Latin." They turned to the page, and, at the end of a glowing description of her merits, which the worthy dame had taken quite seriously, they found the line:—

Non misura cutem nisi plena cruoris hirudo.

Foreigners, for the most part, try to express themselves in English. We find that "Count R. is arrived at here Monday, and liked himself much." The French to be found in the book has, on the other hand, an unmistakably British ring about it; and one cannot help thinking that the ladies who compose it are in some way connected with the men who are so very careful to write themselves down "Esquire." The names of two bishops, which happen to occur in opposite pages, are greeted with a perfect outburst of poetic fervour. One bard compares them to two lofty mountains, whose heads reach to heaven, though their footing is in the lake; it would be interesting to know whether the bishops in question made the analogy complete by getting their feet wet during their visit. Another author comments in a lighter vein on the approval which these dignitaries expressed of the inn and all connected with it:—

Two holy Bishops have prayed here,
Their episcopal families stayed here,
And left you their blessings to see.
And, what's more, they held no disputation,
As they did at the next Convocation,
But Goodwin endorses Magee.

The descriptive and sentimental poetry, besides being rather monotonous, is too long to be quoted in full, while its unity would be lost in mere extracts. A description of a waterfall as "a rocky, twisted, and cascady stream" perhaps deserves notice, and one or two writers are particularly ingenious in their manner of connecting the grandeur of the scenery with the cleanliness of the hotel. One poet has missed the opportunity of a tragic episode, when it was actually in his hands; he begins well:—

M. and L. went up Scawfell,
In spite of every warning;
The slopes were steep, the snows were deep—

Here are all the materials for a catastrophe after the manner of "Excelsior"; but when we have just reached the critical point, our expectations are dashed to the ground by the anti-climax in the last line:—

And ain't they stiff this morning.

Horace says that great praise is due to those who ventured to leave the beaten tracks of Greek literature and celebrate domestic occurrences. On a similar principle we cannot refuse our admiration to the following stanza:—

We came! We came at unexpected hour;
Dinner was ready by some magic power;
We'd beef and bacon, pickles, ham, and mustard,
Pleasant attendance, gooseberries, cream, and custard.

It is perhaps to be regretted that the author could not manage such a simple matter as the preparing of dinner without having recourse to supernatural agency; but, after all, dining is quite as exalted a subject as hair-cutting, and the *Rope of the Lock* may be pleaded as justification. It is generally supposed that Americans hold in contempt the insignificant proportions of what we in Europe call grand scenery. However, a visitor to Cumberland, who signs himself "G. W. S., New York" is apparently much struck by the mountains, and expresses his wonder in heroic couplets. After paying his tribute of admiration, he goes on to speculate about the origin of the hills, in the following language:—

Were you contracted for, or did you grow?
Or were you blown up from a volcano?

His enthusiasm is tempered by fatigue, and he very properly refers to his mere personal discomfort in a less lofty metre:—

But mountains, adieu!
I guess the sublime
Will wait a few
Before I climb
Again up you!

Perhaps in this case a practical acquaintance with the steep hills of the Lake district did more to inspire respect than could have been effected by their appearance. A fine contrast to these lines is afforded by a stanza in praise of creature comforts which, in metre at least, resembles Pope's doggerel verses in imitation of Swift:—

What better could a man desire
Than to sit by a roaring fire;
In his mouth a good clay pipe,
On the table a dish of tripe.

These lines are severely criticized by various writers. One comment, in a woman's hand, is perhaps worth preserving:—"Not bad; but the tripe is rather a vulgar idea." Near this effusion is an earnest warning, also in rhyme, against going to a certain inn, where the quality of the beer is said to be very bad; and throughout the book there are various pieces of advice and admonition which remind one of the affectionate anxiety of Mrs. Gamp:—"Betsy Prig, try the cowcubers, God bless you." Of other eccentricities indulged in by those who take this opportunity of cultivating their literary powers may be mentioned the facetious trick of altering the meaning of a sentence by adding or crossing out a few letters; the no less jocular practice of putting down together the names of celebrities who could never have been in the same place at the same time; and the beautifully simple *argumentum ad hominem* which consists in writing "You are a fool" beneath the name of any one with whom the writer disagrees. Such vulgar follies are stupid enough; but no one who is at all tender-hearted can look without pity upon a page which contains the maiden effort of a budding poet. He safely reaches the end of his first and the middle of his second line; but here he comes to a standstill, apparently unequal to the task of finding a rhyme for "water." The rest of the page is covered with traces of his fruitless struggles, and the work remains a fragment. The author, like Byron's bard at Athens, wisely hides his name; let us hope that, if he ever revisited the scene of his first attempt, he found consolation in the couplet which some philosopher has appended to his unfinished poem:—

'Tain't every man can be a poet,
Any more than a sheep can be a goat.

THE LATEST ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL OF BASEL.

BERLEPSCH, in one of his shorter essays, has characterized Basel as the most pious (*frömmste*) town in Switzerland. It was probably this reputation for piety which moved the Evangelical Internationals to select it as the seat of "the Seventh General Conference of Christians of all Nations." The Canton of Basel has two established Churches—first, the Old Catholics, who have in the capital a magnificent church, lately restored, and a prosperous congregation; and, secondly, the Reformed Church, which from the time of Œcolampadius, the Basel reformer, until a recent date has taken a mediatory position between Lutheranism and Calvinism, approaching the former in its doctrine and liturgy more nearly than any of the other Swiss Protestant Churches. Recently the established Reformed Church has been an arena of conflict between the orthodox and Rationalist parties, and whenever a vacancy occurs in one of the parochial pastorates of Basel a fierce contest is waged for the possession of the new vantage-ground.

It need hardly be said that the loosely united constituents of the Evangelical Alliance could not expect a very hearty welcome from the old historical "Evangelisch-Reformirte Kirche" of Basel. The free-thinking members of that community are cut off from fellowship with the Alliance by the "Nine Articles" of the famous creed of Sir Culling Eardley and the Rev. Edward Bickersteth, and they issued a protest against the exclusiveness of that creed before the meeting of the Alliance. The orthodox Basler, on the other side, agrees with his Rationalist brethren in detestation of the Yankee-Vinet-Miall scheme for healing the wounds of Christendom by the separation of Church and State, and, like almost all Switzers, he dreads the "sectarianism" which numbers so many hot admirers amongst the constituents of the Alliance. All the Swiss Established Churches, Protestant as well as Catholic, are constituted on the basis of

baptism, and not on the shifty and uncertain hypothesis of personal "conversion," on which the "Allianz-Christen," as the Baslers call their guests, prefer to erect the impalpable community which they call "the Church." A Swiss Protestant pastor, particularly in the German Cantons, is usually a man of very considerable theological culture, who has a natural impatience of the revivalist *Schwärmerei* of the English and American "evangelist"; he is an hereditary anti-Sabbatarian; he cannot be converted to see the beauty and value of the all-day-long Sunday-school system; while, even when he is an armed apologist for orthodoxy, his Biblical scholarship prevents him from being a bibliolater of the English-American type. He is almost invariably, too, a trained musician, and no power in the world could induce him to depose the grand old solemn classical chorales which sustained the zeal and piety of his fathers, for the jumpy vulgarities of a Moody and Sankey hymnal.

The *Christian World* appears to be the only English journal which sent a Special Correspondent to Basel. The capacity of this gentleman as a topographer and historian may be fairly guessed from the fact that he depended for light upon some "little guide-book" which informed him that "Basle borders upon Germany and on Alsace"; while his theological and ecclesiastical standing may be inferred from his awe-struck references to the Rev. Dr. John Stoughton, the only foreign visitor to Basel whose name is glorified by being printed in capitals. He thinks that "many will be glad to know that Dr. Stoughton," who preached in one of the rooms of the Vereinshaus, "had several episcopal friends"—that is to say, in plain English, a number of bishops—"among his hearers, and that the Rev. Canon Battersby assisted him in the service." The official advertisements on the fly-leaf of the *Basler Nachrichten* say nothing about Dr. Stoughton, although they announce the name of Canon Battersby as a Sunday preacher. The Correspondent says that the service of the "Alliance-Christians," as the Swiss newspapers call their visitors, commenced at ten o'clock; "but," he adds, "an hour before that time many had attended the Cathedral; where, if they understood German, they had a fair specimen of that kind of preaching which is giving rise to a good deal of anxiety among the Evangelicals of the country." It is evident that the English Correspondent did not hear the sermon, and that he would not have understood it if he had heard it. It was natural that many of the speakers should draw comparisons between the famous Council of Basel in the fifteenth century—which Dr. Stoughton called "a notable ecclesiastical gathering"—and the congress of "Christians of all nations" in the nineteenth century, much to the disparagement of the former. The reporter of the *Christian World* says that "many had anticipated the address of the Rev. Dr. J. Stoughton as the great treat of the day." The "many" must have been composed solely of Evangelical holiday-makers from England and America, as the *Basler Nachrichten*, in its long daily reports of the meetings, never once mentions the name of this great man. Another hero of the *Christian World's* Correspondent, "the Rev. L. B. White, of the Religious Tract Society," seems to have been treated even more shabbily by the local Swiss reporters. Perhaps national jealousy may be reckoned as one of the similarities between the two great ecumenical assemblies which have held their sessions in Basel. There were bitter differences among the critics and reporters of the great Council of Basel; Thomas of Sarzano, afterwards Pope Nicholas V., who was theologian to Cardinal Albergati, cried out in a moment of excitement, "It is not the Church of God which is assembled at Basel, but the synagogue of Satan!" The "Christians of all nations" who have just had a pleasant stay in Basel have shown far more unanimity in their estimate of their Council; but we must remember that the older Council, which was an event of world-historical importance, lasted from 1431 to 1433, while the modern Council only lasted for a few days. It is quite possible that, if the international delegates of the Evangelical Alliance had been compelled to extend their speechmakings, garden-parties, and religious services to the length of two years, they might have found themselves less unanimous at the end than at the beginning. As it was, there were a few small international unpleasantnesses, which are duly reported in the Swiss journals, but left unrecorded in the English. For instance, the Swiss complained of the exuberant noise, the needless cheering, clapping of hands, and stamping of feet, made by the English and American hearers at acceptable passages in the orations of the English and American speakers; while a small bloodless repetition of the Franco-German war is said to have been waged between M. de Pressensé of Paris and Count Bismarck Bohnen, a kinsman of the great Chancellor. The former flatly refused to "sit on the same committee as a Bismarck."

We find it hard to reconcile the conflicting accounts of the English and Swiss reporters. Thus the gentleman sent out by the *Christian World*, who continually describes each speech or sermon by an English Dissenter as "a treat," tells us that "the Rev. L. B. White speaks French like a native," and that "he won the ear of his audience directly as he explained the nature of the Religious Tract Society's operations." The *Basler Nachrichten*, on the contrary, states that scarcely any of the audience could hear or understand Mr. White:—"Trat noch Herr Rev. L. B. White aus London auf, doch genügte seine Stimme nicht den grossen Raum auszufüllen; sein Vortrag war nur den Zuhörersitzenden verständlich." The exaggerated optimism of the English revivalist "Evangelists" had also to be corrected by the more sober of the foreign ob-

servers. An English Dissenting minister, the Rev. R. S. Ashton, had exhibited a highly coloured picture of the amazing evangelical victories of a Mr. MacAll and his wife in Paris, including the erection of a Bible stall at the Exhibition of 1878, which was "visited by more than 100,000 persons," the gratis distribution of the publications of the "Société de Traités de Londres," the playing of a harmonium, and a great deal of preaching. Mr. Ashton called the special attention of "the Christians of all nations" to the exceeding cheapness of Mr. MacAll's method of Christianizing the French Republic; it was all being done, he observed, at the low figure of some 2,500 francs a year. Hereupon M. Fisch, a Protestant pastor from Paris, rose to his feet and made a most lively oration, in which he honestly warned his hearers against being misled by the deceptive optimism of the Londoners' representations. He observed that the hands of the French Evangelicals were tightly bound; that they found it all but impossible to raise as much as fifty thousand francs, "whereas the clergy and the cloisters in the same period of time can raise with ease as much as fifty or sixty million francs." After stating that there are at least thirty thousand parishes in France, M. Fisch contended that at the most sanguine estimate it can only be said that "the Gospel," according to the Nine Articles of the Evangelical Alliance, "is preached in about fifteen hundred of these parishes." Some of the more zealous "Evangelists" wished to give the foreign brethren a concrete specimen of their method of converting the world. "Two or three friends," says the *Christian World* reporter, "the other evening in Basel attempted a little street preaching, but had not proceeded far when they were marched off to the station, as we should say at home." Any one who knows Basel will readily conceive the amazement of the citizens of the "fromme Stadt" at this outlandish phenomenon. They would regard it as an unaccountable English eccentricity, like the wearing of knickerbockers or the dangling of a white veil down the back on a shady day. We are glad to learn that these internationalist *Wanderapostel*, as the Swiss call them, were "soon released. But it was not deemed expedient," says their friend, "to repeat the experiment." It would have been very unpleasant to have found themselves in durance while their more sober colleagues were going by special train to Rathsherr Sarasin's magnificent garden-party at Reihen.

At the great senate of Western Christendom in Basel in the fifteenth century, which was an event of concern and interest to every politician and every Christian in the world—"orbis negotia judicans," as a contemporary said—there was a strife for precedence between the representatives of England and of Spain. At the more recent ecumenical assembly at Basel, concerning whose debates the European nations were not quite so eager, our nation was represented by the Hon. and Rev. E. Bligh, once an incumbent, and who still appears on public occasions as an Anglican clergyman. We are not informed by what process of election and delegation, or by what constituency, Mr. Bligh was empowered to speak for us, accustomed as we are to hear him speak amongst us in the great cause of making hotch-pot of the Prayer Book. It was thought desirable that the gathering of international tourists should be informed as to the condition of true religion in every Christian land, and Mr. Bligh was told off, or put himself forward, as the most capable person for rendering an exact account of the state and prospects of the Evangelical cause in Great Britain and Ireland. He was not able to speak in German, which was the language of the majority of his hearers; hence his words had to be interpreted to the meeting by the mouth of the president, Herr Vischer-Sarasin. Mr. Bligh, according to Herr Sarasin's German report, with which we are obliged to content ourselves, spoke much of our faith (*unser Glaube*), meaning thereby some distinctively English species of belief and practice; but we doubt whether the majority of English Christians will second Mr. Bligh's pretentious assumption that he was communicating to the Christians of Switzerland, France, Germany and other lands those traditions which are most firmly held and believed amongst us, and are most characteristic of English Christendom at the present hour. After needlessly informing his hearers that genuine Protestantism does not consist in shrieking "No Popery" (*Kein Papstthum*), Mr. Bligh sketched a series of glowing pictures of the prosperous condition of evangelical religion throughout the dominions of Queen Victoria. "Ritualism," he said, "is a superficial sickness, and it only occurs among women and young priests." In Ireland, he observed, Protestantism is making the most gigantic progress. As to England, Scotland, and Wales they are now Protestant to the very marrow (*infe Mark*). He failed to see that this would be very small comfort to the orthodox Evangelicals of Germany or Switzerland, since a Protestant may possibly be a Rationalist, and just at present Rationalism is far more unpopular amongst them than Popery, as he might have learned from the German *Kreuzzeitung* or from the *Basler Allgemeine Schweizer Zeitung*. If the citizens of Basel have accepted Mr. Bligh's description of us as exact, they must conclude that we are chiefly remarkable for our bigoted Sabbatarianism, for our Bibliolatry, our faith in Sunday-schools, and the passionate love of our whole population for Moody and Sankey's hymns. Mr. Bligh told the Continental brethren in Basel a number of things which are news to us in England. We learn, for instance, that "the Evangelization Society of London" is working wholesale miracles of conversion in our midst; "it is universally attracting (*nimmt sich allgemein an*) the soldiers, the sailors, and the lower class of the population." We learn that "every person who is no friend to church-going is now able to

hear the Word of God in the theatre, or in the schools, or in the public-house; yes, even in the streets." We learn that we are remarkable for our Christian unity. "Throughout Great Britain," said Mr. Bligh, "the Bible is esteemed as the corner-stone of Protestantism. If the various Churches differ, it is solely on the point of liturgy. That the Bible is the one ground of their faith, therein are they all agreed." The Sunday-school is one of our chief glories. "A Lord Chancellor taught in a Sunday-school all his life long," said Mr. Bligh; and a series of Keepers of the Seal (*eine Reihe von Siegelbewahrern*) have followed his example." But our glory of glories, which Mr. Bligh flaunted almost ferociously in the face of the Sabbath-breaking Baslers, is our Sabbatarianism. "England," he exclaimed, "is specifically the land of a sanctified Sabbath. The Day of the Lord is kept holy." "Great Britain hopes," said our self-appointed ambassador at Basel, "that other States will imitate her example." If some Basler who heard Mr. Bligh's oration, and gave credence to its glaring misrepresentation of our English Sunday, were to visit England and take his stand some summer Sunday morning at London Bridge Station or pier to watch the loading of the excursion trains or the steam-boats, we wonder how he would estimate Mr. Bligh as a witness to fact. Basel, as many English tourists have discovered, is emphatically a church-going city. All the churches—Protestant, Old Catholic, Roman Catholic—are well attended. But the church-going ends with midday; the splendid collections in the museum are opened, there are excellent concerts, and the citizens are utterly unconscious that there is the least inconsistency in going to church in the forenoon and looking at the Holbeins or listening to an orchestra in the afternoon. Mr. Bligh managed at the same time to insult the Baslers and to misrepresent his own countrymen.

THE PRESS AND THE ARMY.

THE military profession has never, so far as we are aware, been remarkable for inculcating undue modesty among those who follow it. Nor, indeed, is there any reason to wish that it should. A certain amount of self-esteem has always been held to be desirable in men who follow any profession, and in the case of the soldier, in particular, a reasonable degree of professional pride is decidedly appropriate. But it is possible to have too much of a good thing, and the extraordinary publicity which now attends our officers and soldiers whenever they are called upon to do what is after all their simple duty is certainly well calculated to foster a ridiculous and unwholesome vanity. The mere performance of duty is now elevated by our public instructors to a pitch that is alike absurd and mischievous. From the moment the British soldier receives orders to take the field until the war is over, he is followed, watched, described, and illustrated on board ship, on the march, in camp or bivouac, and in action. If a battle or any event of importance occurs where no artist is present, imagination is called in, rather than that an opportunity should be lost; and we have already had occasion to animadvert severely on the ghastly, improbable, and sensational nature of some of the fancy sketches which have been published during the South African campaign.

You belong perhaps to a regiment which is among the highest on the roster for foreign service, and a sudden demand is caused by a reverse which has been sustained in one of our little wars. On entering the mess-hut on a certain morning you find a portion of it occupied by an assortment of camp bedsteads, waterproof sheets, filters, canteens, pocket-knives containing everything from a tooth-pick to a saw, portable water-buckets, housewives, and other miscellaneous articles. A gentleman of persuasive manners and urbane demeanour is in attendance, who, in reply to your inquiry, informs you that the regiment is ordered to embark at once for the seat of war. On being reminded that no orders have yet been received, he takes pity on your ignorance, and blandly insinuates that "we" have had private information from the best sources. You are assured that the articles displayed are each and all necessary if you wish to play a gentlemanlike and efficient part in the coming campaign, while the idea of prompt payment is politely but firmly repudiated. In due time the orders arrive from the War Office, and all becomes bustle and preparation, which however is by no means of a purely military nature. Local tradesmen, anxious for a farewell interview with their customers, suddenly appear upon the scene. Friends and acquaintances pour in by rail and road in crowds, and the usually quiet and orderly barracks become a veritable pandemonium. Before long the Post-office is so deluged with telegrams, official and private, that the normal method of delivering each as it arrives is perforce abandoned. The postmaster waits till he has collected about twenty at a time, and then sends up the batch. The local newspaper becomes suddenly interested in the history and past achievements of the regiment, and even the London journals condescend to an occasional paragraph about its exploits. The march out is fixed at what civilians would call an abnormally early hour; but the streets are nevertheless thronged, and a halt is made at the Town Hall, where the Mayor and Corporation in their robes are waiting to present an address. On arrival at the station it is found that the railway officials have been unable to keep out the crowd, and the troops are obliged to fight their way to the carriages amidst a scene of confusion and uproar almost indescribable. If the point of embarkation is not a Government dockyard, or some place from which the too eager public can be

excluded, a similar scene is enacted before the embarkation finally takes place. And even when the voyage has fairly begun, the publicity which attends the soldier of the present day is very far from ceasing. The illustrated newspapers probably have regular representatives on board; but, if not, substitutes are quickly forthcoming, and all the trivial and hackneyed incidents of everyday life on board ship are reproduced in sketches which might easily have been drawn in the office of the paper in London. And so on throughout the campaign. The consequence is that officers and men alike, finding themselves the focus of observation and description, naturally acquire an exaggerated self-importance which is very far from being conducive to discipline or to the performance of duty for mere duty's sake. And it must be remembered that the extreme youth of our soldiers renders them peculiarly susceptible to influences of this nature. On more than one occasion it has been found that these lads have arrived at the Cape with their heads completely turned by the fuss that has been made about them.

We cannot refrain from expressing an opinion, which is, we believe, by no means confined to military men, that the action of the press with reference to the army is rapidly growing into a serious evil, the effects of which are apparent both at home and abroad. Not content with following and describing the events of a campaign on the spot, the newspaper critic sits in judgment at home on everything done at the seat of war, with an assumption of infallibility which is always amusing and sometimes ludicrous. A telegram may arrive in London from the scene of operations in the evening. It brings news of a startling and unexpected event; the details are imperfect, and it is altogether clearly a case in which hasty judgment is to be deprecated. But it would never do for the gifted journalist to appear at a loss even for a moment. Not merely must the telegram be published in the next morning's impression, but the inevitable leader must accompany it; and, accordingly, an article based on imperfect data, written against time, abounding in technical errors, and frequently full of directions for the guidance of the military authorities at home and rancorous abuse of those at the seat of war, is put together for the occasion. Before long another telegram arrives which shows that its predecessor had given an exaggerated, if not false, view of the situation; but it is too late—the journal has clearly proved that everything done was wrong, and, being fairly committed to a certain line, perseveres in it rather than compromise its infallibility. Unfortunately a considerable proportion of the British public are unable to form any very definite opinion of their own on military matters, and consequently they accept those of whatever journal they may happen to peruse without hesitation or reserve. They regard all they read as so much gospel, and lay the paper down with a conviction that our military authorities are a set of incapables, and a feeling of astonishment that all our generals at the seat of war are not sent home at once, and the command of the forces handed over to the Special Correspondents who are evidently so well fitted for it. Nor is it difficult to imagine the mischief which must be caused by the circulation of these journals among the raw recruits who form the bulk of our armies in the field. Not merely do they see themselves lauded and extolled when they do their duty, and defended and excused when they come short of it, but they also see their officers attacked and censured in the most unsparing, and often in the most unjustifiable, manner. When Lord Chelmsford was preparing the advance on Ulundi, he was accused by a portion of the press of hesitation, vacillation, and gross incompetency, merely because he did not move fast enough to furnish the War Correspondents with sufficiently exciting material for their letters. Is the perusal of such stuff by young soldiers likely to conduce to discipline in the army, or to the public good in any way? And if the actual incidents of the war are not sufficiently exciting, we are mercifully provided with others of a more or less imaginary or fanciful nature. At one moment our generals are occupied in an elaborate denial of a pretended massacre of native prisoners, or in explaining the reasons which induced them to burn half-a-dozen straw huts; at another public attention is absorbed in the all-important question whether newspaper Correspondents should or should not use revolvers. A well-known military writer of olden times declared that the British soldier of his day—that is to say, the soldier of the Peninsula, the Sulej, and the Punjaub—fought under the cold shade of the aristocracy. We have substituted the fierce light of public scrutiny, and in our judgment the soldier, and for that matter the officer too, has not benefited by the change. It is impossible to avoid comparing the quiet, thorough, unobtrusive way in which the soldier of the past did his work with the noisy, pretentious, and sensational character of much of our modern campaigning. While hard downright fighting such as occurred at Ferozeshah, Sobraon, and Chillianwalla passed almost unnoticed, and while the battles of the Crimea and the sieges and defences of the Mutiny are nearly forgotten, such comparatively trifling affairs as the wars in China, the frontier wars in India, and the Abyssinian, Ashantee, and Cape campaigns are invested with the highest importance. We are far from wishing to deny that the press in its military aspect has rendered great and valuable services alike to the community and the army. But there is a limit to everything, and in this matter that limit has been far overstepped. There is too much reason to fear that the exaggerated and sensational treatment of our soldiers by the public press has already lowered the standard of discipline, and that, should it be persevered in, the standard of

duty will be lowered also; and in the end the British soldier of the future will take the field much in the spirit in which an actor appears upon the boards. The Duke of Wellington used to say that honour and glory were excellent things in their way, but that duty and devotion were better. We fear that before long our soldiers will require to be reminded of this.

We cannot conclude without a few remarks upon one feature of our modern war correspondence which has not hitherto attracted sufficient attention. We refer to the reckless way in which military information is conveyed, not merely to the British public, but to the world at large, without the slightest heed to the fact that wherever telegraphic communication exists it will immediately reach the enemy. When the late Afghan war began, more than one military man remarked that, were a civilized ally suddenly to appear by the side of the Ameer, he would only have to turn to our journals to learn from day to day the strength, composition, and object of each of our invading columns, the exact position of every man, horse, and gun at any given moment, and the precise amount of loyalty or disaffection in every native corps in our service. Fortunately no such ally did appear; but we have heard that, from information supplied by the English press, the Peiwar was suggested to the late Ameer as the spot where a stand should be made, and that a stand was made there accordingly. That no such mischief occurred during the Zulu war was due to the fortunate absence of telegraphs; but there can be no question that when next we are opposed to a foe who can appreciate the value of intelligence, and to whom the revelations of the English press can be promptly telegraphed, our Special Correspondent will cost us dear unless material restrictions are imposed on him. The public appetite for warlike news has been so keenly whetted by the competition between rival journals that many people would rather risk the loss of a campaign than be deprived of their morning telegram. This state of things is neither wholesome nor safe, and sensible men will have learned with satisfaction that War Correspondents will not be allowed to accompany the pending invasion of Afghanistan.

THE SPOILING OF DARTMOOR.

LAST year something was said in these columns concerning Dartmoor, and the risks which it runs of ceasing to be one of the few unspoilt, as it is one of the most beautiful, tracts of wild land in England. We are reminded of the subject by the republication in two volumes, under the title of *The Borders of the Tamar and the Tavy* (London: Kent and Co.), of Mrs. Bray's letters to Southey, the greater part of which is taken up with descriptions of Dartmoor, its customs, legends, and peculiarities. When the late Mr. Bray was Vicar of Tavistock, the Vicarage was well known in the West of England as a centre of attraction, and equally well known was the liking of Mr. and Mrs. Bray for seeking out and explaining the many archaeological mysteries of Dartmoor, which is marvellously rich in attractions for people of every kind of taste, from hunting-men and fishermen to lovers of cromlechs and kistvaens. As to many of the objects of antiquarian interest which Mrs. Bray has described in her letters, she has now expressed a fear that they "no longer exist, from the destruction which for the last few years has unfortunately been allowed on Dartmoor"; and this fear is very far from being without foundation. The destructive process to which Mrs. Bray refers involves one question of the utmost gravity—the water supply of two important seaport towns and their shipping; which, however, is closely bound up with another matter, of which we shall have something to say presently, and of which Mrs. Bray, when she corresponded with Southey, cannot even have dreamt. The kind of destruction, however, which she foresaw is in full swing, and from the spot where we write these lines its progress can be seen, while the clink of the pickaxe, which is knocking down what was among the best of the smaller tors, can be heard daily in imagination, if not in fact. It is to be noted that the smallest tors, even those which are only a few feet high, have their points of interest, if in nothing else, in the curious circles which are found hollowed out at their summits. As to these circles, or basins, there has been much difference of opinion; some have attributed them to natural, others to mechanical, agency; and, as a matter of course, the Druids have been dragged in to account for them. It is not only the labourer's pickaxe which has disturbed some beauties and peculiarities of the tors; too often followers of Mr. Oldbuck have attacked them in a kind of archaeological frenzy; but fortunately comparatively little mischief has been done in this way, and of late years a more reverent and careful spirit has been engendered. Much of this better feeling is due to the Devonshire Association which annually appoints a Dartmoor Committee to watch and report.

Besides the tors there are the stone avenues and the hut-rings or circles. These rings to some people represent the remains of ordinary stone huts which need not be of any great age, since Dartmoor is likely to have been a place of refuge in any troubled times when proscribed fugitives were glad to find shelter from the vengeance of the party in power until the political storm had spent itself in a satisfactory number of hangings, and they could once more walk safely through the world. Others find in these relics "the poor remains of British huts," and others again detect in them the temporary dwellings of tin-miners at a time when Dartmoor was rich in tin. But to account for these and for the stone avenues

an almost infinite number of theories may be invented and upheld. One explanation of the stone avenues, to which we have on a former occasion referred, is that they were put up to mark at once the lines of battle formed by two tribes at enmity, and the boundary decided by the battle. Similar avenues, but in a serpentine instead of a straight form, have been found elsewhere, and the existence of the serpentine variety was brought forward as a fatal objection to one upholder of the battle theory, who, however, replied with unshaken confidence, "Why shouldn't people fight in crooked lines as well as in straight ones?"

The general process of destruction which has been spoken of, and which injures both the beauty and the historical interest of Dartmoor, would be bad enough if it were left unchecked. There are other special forms of destruction, one of which, the mania for enclosure and high farming, has practically exhausted itself, which is the more fortunate as the presence of workmen gathered together in any great number involves the erection of dwellings for them, and dwellings involve drainage, which may easily contaminate the enormous water supply drawn from the Dartmoor rivers. But a much worse form of special destruction is threatened. At the date of Mrs. Bray's letters nothing, of course, had been heard of the proposal for making a railway from Yelverton to Princetown, and it is to be hoped that she, and all who share her love of Dartmoor, will be spared the shock of seeing so unwise an idea carried out. It is difficult to imagine what possible object could be served by a railway to what is proclaimed by the rain-gauge kept at Princetown Prison to be the very wettest spot in Dartmoor. A convict establishment, whose isolation may be supposed to be an advantage, can hardly stand in need of railway communication, when hitherto it has done remarkably well without it. Nor can the very scanty population outside the prison walls really be in urgent need of a railway across the moor, the extent of which would be something considerably under ten miles. This one fact as to the length of the proposed line is enough to show that there is mighty little to recommend the idea on grounds of necessity. On other grounds the vulgar and morbid curiosity of tourists might be gratified by excursion trains to the prison, if, which is not probable, the governor chose to make a show-place of it to numerous bands of 'Arries. It has been stated that those who are in favour of the scheme contemplate combining the attractions of a convict prison with those of a watering-place; and if water is the one thing needful for a watering-place, there is certainly plenty to be got at Princetown, in the shape of the rain which, retained in the Dartmoor bogs, distributed by means of rivers, and diverted into Leats, supplies Plymouth and Devonport, and the shipping stationed at those places, with fresh water for all purposes. Already there is loud complaint of contamination to the Devonport Leat through the drainage of Princetown, and if the projected ten-mile railway were constructed, and the proposed station at Princetown built, there would be the greatest danger of corruption to the Plymouth Leat. It may be noted that another scheme, almost as brilliant as that of the Princetown Railway, and as important with reference to the water supply, has been proposed. This is to convert the Dartmoor bogs, "which," to quote an authority on the subject, "are as full of water as a wet sponge," into fuel. After what has just been said, it will be readily seen that this ingenious notion threatens, not contamination to the water, but destruction of its sources.

It might have been thought that the absurdity of the Railway scheme, from every point of view, was patent enough to prevent its being seriously entertained; but, as there seems to be actual danger of its being carried out, it may be desirable to point out as fully as possible the obvious objections to it. As it has been said that the promoters of the railway rely upon a sort of fashionable Hygeia springing up at Princetown to support the line (of which the expense is estimated at something vastly out of proportion to its length), it may not be amiss to give some description of the place for which such a brilliant future is hoped. It has been already said that Princetown is the wettest place in Dartmoor. It is also the ugliest. Nothing indeed can well be more bleak and depressing than its aspect. It stands on a high and windy ridge of land, very frequently enveloped in fogs, which of course add to the dampness of the place. These fogs might be an advantage to the frequenters of the dreamt-of Hygeia, inasmuch as they might imagine any beauties they liked to exist behind the veil of mist. The whole district of Princetown is remarkable for a natural barrenness of vegetation, which unsparing use of artificial manure and of convict labour has been employed, with but moderate success, to improve. The greater portion of Princetown is occupied by the convict prisons and offices, and it has not been ascertained, we believe, that the Government will pull these down and remove the convict establishment in order to spare the feelings of the visitors to the possible watering-place. Perhaps, however, no such consideration may be necessary, as the majority of present visitors to Princetown go on purpose to gaze at the wretched men who are at many hours of the day to be seen at their work, crowding the fields, closely watched by warders standing in commanding positions with loaded rifles. The imaginary seekers after health, quiet, or pleasure at the supposed Prison Wells, or whatever it is to be called, may get some excitement, it is true, out of this. Only a few weeks ago eight convicts escaped in spite of all precautions, were pursued, fired upon, and some of them wounded before they were recaptured. Such accidents will occur from time to time, however great care may be taken; and it has happened in some cases that dangerous convicts have got so far away as to render it necessary to caution all people living

in the neighbourhood of Princetown of the possibility of an attack on their houses. Whether excitement and danger of this kind are likely to be additional attractions to a watering-place may be a question on which the promoters of the scheme "keep their minds open" until the experiment has been tried. When we have added that Princetown is the one place in South Devon which is liable to the most serious inconvenience from snow-drifts, we shall perhaps have said enough as to the charms which it would offer to the lovers of watering-places.

AMERICAN CATTLE AND ENGLISH FARMERS.

THE letter from Mr. Drummond, the English Secretary of Legation at Washington, which appeared in the *Daily News* of Tuesday, raises a question of very great importance alike for producers and consumers of English meat. In defending the severe restrictions on the importation of live cattle which were embodied in the Cattle Diseases Act of last year, we pointed out more than once that there was one ground, and one ground only, on which the virtual prohibition of such imports was justifiable. The defence set up for legislation of this kind by the producers of cattle was that prohibition was necessary to production, and production necessary to consumption. By far the largest part of the English meat supply is of home growth. If cattle are allowed to be imported, the home-grown supply will be lessened, if not destroyed, by the ravages of the diseases imported at the same time. Consequently, free importation of foreign cattle risks the continuance of 90 per cent. of the meat supply, in order to cheapen the remaining 10 per cent. Thus the question is essentially a consumer's question. It is in the interest of the consumer that restrictions are demanded, and it would be childish to withhold those restrictions merely because producers happen to be benefited by them. If the farmer could only plead his own advantage as a ground for prohibiting importation, he would have no more title to be listened to than when he offered a precisely similar plea in the case of the importation of corn. The Corn-laws were abolished because they tended to make bread dear. The Cattle Diseases Acts ought to be retained because they tend to make meat cheap. In the long run healthy cattle at home will do more to bring down butchers' prices than any amount of foreign importations. Consequently, to take measures which shall insure healthy cattle at home at the cost of foreign importation is to consult the consumer's interests. That the producer's interests happen to jump the same way is merely a happy accident.

That the argument is a sound one, provided that the data on which it rests are really forthcoming, we have no doubt at all. But if we are to accept the statements made in Mr. Drummond's letter, it will be difficult to feel sure that these data are forthcoming. The figures quoted by Mr. Drummond and the inferences he draws from them certainly point to a very different conclusion from that which the defenders of the Cattle Diseases Act assumed as indisputable. The capacities of the West for stock-raising are, we are told, not less than those of the North-West for wheat-growing. Supposing that the present prohibitions on the landing of live cattle from the United States were removed, with no prospect of their being again imposed, the limit to exportation would, in Mr. Drummond's view, be the limit of steamers to carry them—so long, at least, as existing prices are obtainable in the English market. A large number of British steamers at present lying idle would be pressed into the trade, and as many more as were wanted would be built expressly for it. "In 1877 there were 30,500,000 head of cattle in the United States, and next year the returns will probably show 35,000,000 head." If the numerical increase goes on in this proportion, the supply will be practically unlimited; but it is not only the numerical increase that the American cattle-raiser looks to. Exportation, it is remarked, stimulates the ingenuity of the producer, both as regards breeding and feeding. The cattle raised have more meat on them, and they come earlier into the market. How much room there is for these processes is shown by the fact that the cattle exported to England last year fetched about 20s. a head, whereas the cattle exported to Cuba fetched about 3s. 10s. a head. But the quality and weight of the wild grass-fed Texan cattle which supply the Cuban market are expected rapidly to improve. They are worth little now because little pains are taken with them. Every year more pains will be taken with them, and they will be worth more in proportion. In this way a class of cattle not now exported to Europe will become fit for exportation, while a similar process of improvement will go on with regard to the shorthorn class from which the exports to Europe are now drawn.

If these statements may be depended upon, and if there are no qualifying circumstances to limit their practical application, there is nothing improbable in Mr. Drummond's expressed conviction that the United States are destined to provide England with her main supplies of food. One of his informants says that the cattle-dealers of New York are not only well satisfied with their present profits, but are prepared, if need be, to work for a much smaller return. For the present it may be doubted whether such a sacrifice will be demanded of them. Mr. Drummond remarks that "it is in the very nature of American enterprise" not only "to push a trade which affords a profit," but also "to resort to all manner of cheapening processes and methods to make it more profitable." Among these processes will be the extension of railroads into Nebraska, South Missouri, and Texas, which will facilitate and

cheapen the transport of cattle in good condition to the coast, and the construction of improved vessels for the conveyance of cattle across the Atlantic. Mr. Drummond sees but one counteracting force that is at all likely to arise in the future. This is the immense sum that will be required for the renewal of the permanent way of the American railroads, and the possible pressure on the part of railway shareholders for an increase of transport charges. It would be unsafe, however, for English farmers to depend on this prospect. The proprietary of the American lines may come to see that low charges and large traffic in the long run pay better than high charges and little traffic, and the agitation against increased rates of transport on the part of so powerful a body as the American cattle-breeders might easily become too formidable to be resisted. If the supply of American cattle increases in anything like the proportion anticipated by Mr. Drummond, it will be impossible to maintain the present restrictions on importation. English farmers will no doubt be slow to recognize this impossibility. They will argue that the reason for imposing those restrictions is not affected by the numbers of cattle waiting to be brought over, inasmuch as the danger of infection to English herds will increase with the number of possibly diseased cattle imported. This argument, however, is open to the objection that, if cheap meat can be brought from America in quantities only limited by the English demand, the reason for maintaining the supply of dear meat of home growth ceases to operate. It is important to remember this fact, because, when restrictions which admit of being represented as protective have been imposed for other than protective reasons, there is great danger lest the producers who profit by them should forget that it was entirely the good of the consumers that the Legislature had in view.

The evidence taken by the Royal Commission on agricultural depression will probably supply much information either in confirmation or correction of Mr. Drummond's views. It is plain that the question is one which, in the interest of English farmers, cannot be too thoroughly sifted. If Mr. Drummond is right, and American meat is destined to play as large a part in the supply of English consumers as American corn already plays, it will be unsafe to trust to permanent pasture as a remedy for agricultural distress. Capital invested in the production of meat, unless under very exceptional circumstances, will, in the case supposed, ultimately be as much lost as capital invested in wheat-growing. This is so serious a prospect for the English farmer that he cannot be expected to make up his mind to it without the fullest inquiry, especially as under any circumstances it must be some time before the American trade can become a really formidable rival. But competition will be no less formidable in the long run because it develops slowly, and nothing could be more unfortunate than that English farmers should only escape from one series of misfortunes to find that they had fallen into another. Whatever changes may be impending over the agriculture of this country, they should, if possible, be of a kind which will not have again to be undone in order to meet conditions which are exclusively under foreign control. It is quite possible, however, that further inquiry may show that both the premises and the conclusion of Mr. Drummond's argument are open to a good deal of correction and modification. There is certainly no need as yet to suppose that English farmers cannot make a livelihood by raising produce which shall have, in the freshness which things grown at home must always possess as compared with things grown abroad, an advantage that cannot be taken away.

BI-METALLISM.

THE publication of a letter advocating universal bi-metallism by a late Governor of the Bank of England, who was last year one of the British representatives at the Conference in Paris which pronounced against all proposals of the kind, is a striking proof of the impression made on the mind of the business community by the depreciation of silver. The stoppage of the German sales of that metal and the re-issue of the withdrawn thalers have lessened the interest of the general public in the subject, since they seem to promise an early recovery from the depreciation. But the classes more immediately concerned in the matter are not so easily reassured. As Mr. Gibbs observes in the very able and interesting letter referred to (*Silver and Gold*, by Henry H. Gibbs. Effingham Wilson), another demonetization may at any moment renew the evil. He and those who think with him are therefore anxious that such measures should be taken as in their judgment will effectually guard against the danger which they so much dread. Their anxiety is not unnatural, but we need hardly tell our readers that, in our opinion, the proposed remedy would be far worse than the disease.

The argument usually employed in favour of the double standard, that there is not gold enough to supply the needs of all the world, is hardly relevant in the present discussion. It might have been usefully urged in Germany in 1871, and it may well be commended to the consideration of other countries which are proposing monometallism for the first time. But it is out of place when addressed to countries like our own, which have long had the single gold standard. Naturally, therefore, it fell upon deaf ears in England, until the long-continued depression of trade lent it unexpected force. Accordingly, English bi-metallists generally base their case upon the assumption that the depreciation of silver is the principal cause, or one of the principal causes, of the com-

mercial depression. In a pamphlet not professing to do more than summarize the heads of the bi-metallic case we of course could not reasonably look for the production of evidence on this point; but we do not know that any serious attempt has ever been made to prove this very large assumption. Yet, surely, when it is proposed to make a change affecting all public and private contracts, and bearing intimately upon the well-being of the community, every link in the chain of argument ought to be tested with the most anxious care. This is the first answer we would make to those who would revolutionize our monetary system. They have not proved that the innovation they propose is necessary.

A still more fatal objection is that the measure proposed would either involve a breach of public faith or would be practically nugatory. All existing contracts in the United Kingdom are based on the assumption that gold is the only standard of value, and therefore that payment will be made in gold or its equivalent. To pass a law making payment in another and a depreciated metal a full discharge for existing debts would clearly be a violation of faith. It is beside the point to argue that the measure proposed would raise the value of silver. That is a mere opinion, and, whether right or wrong, would not justify a compulsory alteration of contracts. Mr. Gibbs and all reasonable bi-metallists admit this. But the admission destroys the practical value of their proposal, as it would restrict the legal-tender functions of silver within exceedingly narrow limits. Consols, New and Reduced Three per Cents., Railway, Gas, and Water shares and debentures, the shares of banks, and, in short, all that vast and varied mass of property which passes under the name of Stock Exchange securities, would still be payable only in gold. So also would tithe-rent charges and all existing rents, annuities, and salaries. When all these are exempted, it will be seen that the legal-tender range of silver would be very limited. At the same time the monetization of silver would introduce an element of uncertainty and litigation into all business transactions. People could never be sure when silver would discharge a debt or when it would not; and they would live in constant apprehension of disputes and lawsuits. The difficulty would perhaps be settled by a general practice of contracting that all payments should be in gold, which would be a nullification of bi-metallism. It will probably be replied, as in effect Mr. Gibbs does reply, that the great mass of payments are made by cheque or bank-notes, and consequently that the change would but slightly affect ordinary transactions. This is, no doubt, true to a large extent; yet even in England metallic money plays a very great part, as witness the fact that the gold coinage actually in circulation is estimated at over a hundred millions sterling. It is more material to remark that the cheque and the bank-note have value only because they are exchangeable for coin at the will of the holder; and the proposal is that this coin may be either silver or gold, not at the will of the cheque or note holder, but at the will of the paying bank. We have little doubt, indeed, that the banks would in fact continue to make payment in gold. But if we assume that they accepted bi-metallism and accumulated silver, the note or the cheque, when presented, might be cashed in that metal.

So far we have been arguing on the assumption that the proposed change is practicable. This assumption, however, is without any visible foundation. We may regard it as certain that this country will not give up a monetary system perfectly adapted to its requirements; and, judging from experience, concert amongst other nations on the subject is not probable. It would be at least as beneficial to the world if the principal commercial countries could be induced to assimilate their coinages, and it might reasonably have been hoped that they would do so whenever a favourable opportunity offered. Yet, when Germany was adopting an entirely new monetary system eight years ago, she deliberately refused to make her 20-marc piece equal to the English sovereign, the American half-eagle, or the French 25-franc piece. And when the other day the United States were resuming specie payments, they also refused to make the slight alteration which would have rendered the half-eagle exactly equal to the sovereign. Again, when the American Congress was remonetizing silver, it sought no concert with the Latin Union, and it re-adopted a relation between the metals which differs from that in force in France. Lastly, the Paris Conference of last year gave no reason for believing that even the silver-using countries are disposed to agree with one another. But, even if the several Governments could be persuaded to adopt bi-metallism, it is extremely improbable that the system could be enforced in practice. In the United States, in France, and in Austria-Hungary silver is at present legal tender, but in all three countries extreme difficulty is experienced in getting it into circulation. In the United States the people will not have it. In France it is accumulating in the vaults of the Bank, and in Austria-Hungary the public accept it with unwillingness. We may add that though the Bank of England itself is permitted to hold part of its reserve against the note circulation in silver, it never does so in fact, even when a drain of gold is producing crisis and panic. If, then, an option were left, it can hardly be doubted that the gold-using countries would still continue to use gold. It would obviously be impossible to coerce the general public in such a matter; no reasonable man would seriously propose to interfere with the right of contract; and, unless this extreme course were taken, people might stipulate to be paid in gold.

It would of course be possible to compel the State and semi-State banks to buy silver at a specified price, as the Bank of England is compelled to buy gold; and if England were to enter

into the concert, it would clearly be necessary to take this step with regard to the Bank of England. But to compel the Bank of England—that is, the holder of the ultimate banking reserve of the United Kingdom—to buy at a fixed price all the silver presented to it, would be a course so fraught with peril that we think few bi-metallists would seriously propose it. England being, as a rule, a creditor country—that is, having habitually more due to her than she owes to other countries—would constantly be receiving silver from the more backward, that is, the silver-using countries. Even now, though silver is not legal tender with us, London is the world's market for silver. If the Bank of England were compelled to buy it, a large proportion of the silver thus poured in upon us would find its way into the Bank, and would crowd out gold, in accordance with the law which exports the dearer metal and leaves the cheaper at home. It will perhaps be objected that, under a system of universal bi-metallism, gold could not be dearer. But this is only another form of the old fallacy that an Act of Parliament can regulate prices. It is not disputed that there is a preference for gold in England, France, and the United States, and we have just seen that, where such preference exists, it will find means of gratifying itself. We are very frequently the debtor both of France and the United States, and thus both countries might gradually drain us of our gold. Or we might be thus drained in case of a great foreign war, and left with silver alone. But the private and joint-stock banks all over the United Kingdom, which keep their reserves with the Bank of England, would stipulate to be paid in gold; and if they became alarmed lest the stipulation could not be fulfilled, very serious consequences might arise. We do not say that this would necessarily happen; but the mere possibility of such a result is enough to condemn the proposal. On the other hand, it would not be sufficient to require the Bank of England to keep a fixed proportion of its reserve in silver. The object sought is to enable the silver-using countries to make their payments in silver; and it might happen that, when the specified proportion was reached, large payments still remained to be made.

We have only space to notice one other point—namely, the impossibility of really fixing the relative value of the two metals. Whatever the proportion chosen, it might happen that the lapse of a few years would prove it to be utterly wrong. There might be a great falling off, for example, in the yield of the gold mines, while the produce of the silver mines might be doubled. If this happened, silver must become depreciated. But the prospect of constant and indefinite changes in the value of the metal would destroy its fitness to serve as money. In spite of law and treaty many people would refuse to take it, as in fact people now refuse in the United States; and, as a consequence, gold would rise to a premium.

RACING AT DONCASTER.

AFTER a terribly wet morning, rendered additionally depressing to breeders of racehorses by the low prices realized by some excellent yearlings, Doncaster races were opened by a very good day's sport. The number of horses that ran during the day was more than double that which took part in the races of the first day last year, and there was capital racing. The attendance on the moor to see the horses taking their exercise gallop in the dark and rainy early morning was far smaller than usual; but when the racing began there were plenty of spectators. The course was in good order, and it seemed, if anything, rather better than worse for the late heavy rains.

Before noticing the racing, it may be well to take a very brief retrospect of the previous two-year-old running of the season. Bend Or had won each of the three races for which he had started, and was presumably the best public performer. Douranee, who belonged to the same owner, had won nine races, but had lost three. The Song had both beaten and been beaten by Douranee, having altogether won six races and lost two. Mask's sole performance had been to win the July Stakes at Newmarket in very good style. Robert the Devil, too, had only run once in public, and then he had won the valuable Rous Memorial Stakes at Goodwood. Of those just mentioned, only Mask ran in the Champagne Stakes, the first race of importance at Doncaster, but eleven other two-year-olds ran against him. He was a very hot favourite, and as the horses came round the turn he seemed to be having the race all to himself; but Glen Ronald challenged him at the distance, and he then gave way in a manner that was very suggestive of faintheartedness, although his admirers excused him on the plea of want of preparation. He had been blistered since he ran at Newmarket, and consequently his work had been stopped for a time; therefore it is quite possible that he was not in the best of racing condition when he ran in the Champagne Stakes; but for all that he ought not to have collapsed so suddenly when collared by another horse, if he were really a courageous horse. Glen Ronald, who is said to be a roarer, appeared to be winning the race when Mask was done with, but he also was destined to be defeated; for Evasion, who was very resolutely ridden by Snowden, rushed up at the finish of the race, although there was scarcely room for her to pass between the other horses and the rails, and beat Glen Ronald by a neck. This filly is a chestnut, and she is by Wild Oats out of Eva by Breadalbane, who, it will be remembered, was a son of the famous Blink Bonny. She was purchased as a yearling for 1,300 guineas

by the Duke of Westminster, who is lucky in possessing three such two-year-olds as Bend Or, Douranee, and Evasion. The latter began her career by losing four successive races, and then she won a race at Liverpool, her next performance being the race at present under notice. The only other important race of the Tuesday in Doncaster week was the Great Yorkshire Handicap. Lord Hartington's mare Rylstone had been the first favourite for this event until the morning of the race, when, after an early exercise canter, she pulled up so lame that it was feared she could not run. But after her shoe had been removed she got much better, and was so sound before the time of the race that it was determined to start her. Parole was to run also, but, excellent as had been his performances in the early spring, he had too much weight to carry, and he is not a very trustworthy horse over a long course. Another starter was a three-year-old filly called Dresden China, a granddaughter of both Gladiateur and Fille de l'Air. She had been but a second-rate two-year-old, and she had been unplaced in each of the races for which she had run this season; yet a gentleman gave as much as 2,000 guineas for her shortly before the Great Yorkshire Handicap, and she was made first favourite at starting. Both her owner and the public were right in their high estimate of her chance, for after making her own running, she fairly galloped away from the rest of the field, cantering in a winner by thirty lengths, her eleven opponents pulling up. This was the only first favourite that won during the day. In the concluding race clever judges thought that they saw their way to a very good thing at last, and they laid 4 to 1 freely on Douranee winning the Filly Stakes, previous running apparently justifying their estimate of her chance of success; but, after a tremendous struggle, a filly by The Palmer just managed to get her head past the post before Douranee's nose reached it, a little accident which caused hundreds of pounds to find their way into the pockets of the professional bookmakers. The winner belonged to the owner of Dresden China; and this was the second fine piece of riding on the part of Snowden during the first day. Instead of being a mere walk over, as had been anticipated, this proved the best race of the Tuesday.

The interest of the Wednesday's racing was absorbed by the St. Leger, which we described last week. The first two races of the day were won by the first favourites in canter. Lord Fitz-William had the satisfaction of beating Lord Falmouth in a match, and the owner of Dresden China beat Mr. Vyner's Mycene in another match with Roehampton. The Municipal Stakes, too, was practically a match, the Duke of Westminster winning it with Tadcaster. Peter won the Bradgate Park Stakes without an effort; but there was a dead heat for second place. There was an interesting race for the Queen's Plate. On her last year's running Jannette ought to have had no difficulty in winning this race; but she has been out of form this year; so, although first favourite, many people questioned her chances of victory. At the distance she seemed to be going very well; but Rylstone, in spite of her lameness of the preceding day, challenged her with great gameness, and after a very interesting struggle between the pair, Rylstone won by a neck. Jannette was almost invincible as a two-year-old and as a three-year-old, when in good condition; but she has run so very moderately as a four-year-old that one can come to no other conclusion than that she has not been herself during the present season. We may observe that the receipts at the doors of the race-stand on the St. Leger day fell short of the average of late years, that the demand for race-cards was smaller than usual, and that there were fewer carriages on the ground than there were on the St. Leger day last year.

A yearling was sold on the Thursday morning for a price that reminded breeders of better times. This was a chestnut colt by Hermit out of Pilgrimage's dam, which reached 2,200 guineas. The racing began with a walk over by the winner of the St. Leger for the Zetland Stakes. A handicap followed, in which the jockey who rode the winner eased his horse as he was reaching the post, when the clever little jockey Lemaire made every effort on Returns, who was a short distance behind, and all but succeeded in winning the race. As it was, Cheviot won by a head only. In the Alexandra Plate, Lord Clive, who was supposed by many good judges to be the best three-year-old on the turf last year, was receiving 12 lbs. from Master Kildare. This weighting seemed to give the former an immense advantage, and it was very naturally supposed that he would win. The distance of the course for the Alexandra Plate is one mile, and the two favourites lay a little behind the leading horses until they were in the straight, when Lord Clive went to the front, closely followed by Master Kildare. At the distance a determined battle began between the pair, and they were soon racing neck and neck. About halfway up the stand inclosure Master Kildare gained a trifling advantage, Lord Clive apparently tiring; and, when the post was passed, Master Kildare was half a length in front. Sir Joseph was a strong favourite for the Portland Plate. There was much to be said also in favour of Hackthorpe, who, when at his best, is one of the best T.Y.C. horses of the day; but lately he had been running badly, and he was now to give Sir Joseph 13 lbs. Tower and Sword was lightly weighted, and sometimes he had shown great speed, but he was an indifferent third favourite. When they were running in it was evident that Sir Joseph was quite out of the race, and Hackthorpe was leading. A vigorous rush was made by Rowiston, who started at 20 to 1. He had run very badly in his previous races this season; and, although he was very lightly weighted, it was a matter of astonishment that he was able to make Hackthorpe gallop. At last Hackthorpe won by half a length. The last race

of the day furnished a surprise. Kaleidoscope was the first favourite, Sutler and Ellangowan being, as was supposed, his most dangerous rivals. No one fancied Lord Hartington's Witchery, but yet she had the best of the race all the way, and finally won it pretty easily.

The great race of the Friday was the Doncaster Cup. For this race Isonomy was a tremendous favourite, more than 3 to 1 being laid on him. Public form seemed to point to this horse as the best of either last year or this, and, as he had only 3 lbs. more to carry than either of his opponents, his winning appeared to be almost a certainty. Jannette was to run; but then, as we have already observed, Jannette seems to have lost her form, and even at her best it appeared doubtful whether she could have beaten Isonomy. As to the other runners, The Monk and Glendale, nobody gave them a thought. The Monk made the running, followed by Isonomy, Glendale being third and Jannette fourth. At the Old Mile Post Isonomy went to the front, and at the bend, Jannette, running in a manner which seemed to suggest a return to her old form, came out at a great pace and challenged Isonomy. A severe struggle ensued. It was a very near thing, and there was intense excitement until the post was passed. Archer was riding Jannette, and Cannon was on Isonomy. Both jockeys rode in their best style, and it is seldom that a finer finish has been seen on the turf. Isonomy succeeded in holding his own, but he only won by a head. In the face of her form of this season, Jannette's running is unaccountable. For the future it may be as well to respect her chance even when she may have been performing indifferently. There was a fine race between Peace and White Poppy for the Park Hill Stakes, which is a race for three-year-old fillies. Peace, who had never won a race before, won by a neck, Reconciliation being third, only half a length behind White Poppy. The last race of the meeting was won in a canter by Ruperra.

Taken as a whole, the late Doncaster meeting was a decided success. Although a rainy week, the weather was generally fine while the races were being run. The St. Leger was a poor affair; but in the course of the week there were some fine contests, and a great many horses ran on each of the four days. The attendance at the meeting was scarcely as large as usual.

REVIEWS.

GALILEO AND THE ROMAN CURIA.*

THE story of Galileo has a threefold interest, from different points of view, for the man of science, the theologian, and the student of ecclesiastical history; and it is curious, considering how well it has been threshed out during the last two centuries, that there should still remain so much disputable, or at least disputed, matter in the details. Karl von Gebler, whose early death gives a melancholy interest to his work, has done good service in the conscientious and impartial care he has bestowed on the elucidation of the documentary evidence, though we are disposed to differ from his conclusion on an historical point to which he attaches what seems to us a disproportionate importance, and still more decidedly from his estimate of the theological bearing of the case. The latter view indeed is rather asserted and assumed than argued out, and did not perhaps greatly interest him, except in so far as, by depreciating the gravity of the formal censure pronounced on Galileo's teaching, he saves the credit of Papal infallibility at the cost of what we cannot but think serious though unconscious personal unfairness to the reigning Pope, Urban VIII. The net result of recent investigations has been very considerably to lighten the moral culpability of the persons directly concerned in the condemnation of Galileo—we emphasize the word "directly" for reasons which will appear in the sequel—while no less gravely increasing the difficulty of the case for those who would reconcile it with any but a very "non-natural" interpretation of the Vatican decree. We are sorry to have to add that it also constrains us to strip off the aureole with which unwise admirers have been too eager to glorify the "martyr of science," thereby provoking, even from his present biographer, a condemnation of his pusillanimity which is undeservedly severe. But the following observation made in the preface is perfectly just, and Gebler is honourably distinguished from the general run of the writers whom he criticizes by his manifest purpose of impartiality throughout:—

Party interests and passions have, to a great extent, and with but few exceptions, guided the pens of those who have written on this chapter of Galileo's life. The one side has lauded him as an admirable martyr of science, and ascribed more cruelty to the Inquisition than it really inflicted on him; the other has thought proper to enter the lists as defender of the Inquisition, and to wash it white at Galileo's expense. Historical truth contradicts both.

It seems strange that, during all the period when the volume of the Vatican archives containing Galileo's trial was in Paris—from 1811 to 1845—hardly any use should have been made of it. Barbier, Napoleon's State Librarian, searched it for proof of Galileo's having been tortured, and, finding none, or rather finding the evidence all the other way, entirely overlooked its real historical importance, and actually reported that "he observed no detail

* *Galileo Galilei and the Roman Curia. From Authentic Sources. By Karl von Gebler. Translated by Mrs. G. Sturge. London: Kegan Paul & Co. 1879.*

there which was not already known." The special point which Gebler supposed himself to have established in his first edition, published in 1876—in accordance with the opinion previously broached by Wohlwill—was the spuriousness of "the document of February 26, 1616," in the Vatican MS. recording the solemn injunction laid on Galileo never henceforth "to hold, teach, or defend" the Copernican system "in any way whatsoever, verbally or in writing," and his promise to obey the injunction. This document Gebler supposed to have been forged in 1632, at the time of Galileo's trial, in order to make out a stronger case against him. But on his second visit to Rome to examine the archives he was convinced, and candidly acknowledged, that the document was certainly genuine, i.e. that it is an unquestionably contemporary document, entered by a notary of the Inquisition in 1616; but he still thinks it an untrue record, holding that no such injunction was really given or promise made, and that "the note was falsified," though not in 1632 but in 1616. This is obviously a far more difficult thesis to maintain. A forgery perpetrated in 1632 in order to facilitate proceedings against Galileo would have been at least an intelligible procedure, however disgraceful; but it is not easy to find any intelligible motive for such a forgery in 1616, nor does there appear to us to be anything in the circumstances of either period, as related by Gebler himself, to make such an hypothesis probable, still less necessary. On both occasions there was the same evident desire on the part of the Roman authorities, as Gebler admits, to treat Galileo personally with as much indulgence as was possible consistently with the same fixed resolve to condemn and suppress what—begging Gebler's pardon—they were all along resolved to treat and had no hesitation in treating as a deadly heresy. There was an obvious motive for imposing on him the alleged solemn prohibition in 1616, none that we can see for forging a record of it, if it was not imposed.

Galileo was born by a curious coincidence on the day of Michael Angelo's death, February 18, 1564. We cannot follow his biographer through the interesting sketch of his early years. It was not till after his discoveries with the telescope had convinced him of the truth of the Copernican system that he ventured openly to defend it. In the *Sidereus Nuntius*, published in 1610 and dedicated to the Grand Duke Cosmo II., he contented himself with stating facts and leaving his readers to draw their own inferences. The first great mistake of his life, both practically and morally, was his manoeuvring in 1611 to obtain from the Grand Duke the appointment of first philosopher and mathematician at the University of Pisa, shortly after the Venetian Republic had raised the salary of his chair at Padua to 1,000 florins, and conferred it on him for life. His conduct, we are told, made a bad impression at Venice, and his devoted friend Francesco Sagredo foresaw and warned him of the evil consequences, which he had only too much reason himself years afterwards to deplore when it was too late. About the same time he paid his first visit to Rome, with letters of introduction to Cardinal Barberini, afterwards Urban VIII., who became his warm friend, and was received with great honour by Pope Paul V., who granted him a long audience, and assured him of his unalterable good will, of which in the sequel he had no reason to complain. A Commission of four Cardinals examined and approved his astronomical discoveries, which however did not involve any approval of the Copernican system, for he had not yet openly adopted it. When he afterwards wrote to his friend, Cardinal Conti, to ask whether it was really opposed to Scripture, Conti replied that it "certainly did not seem to agree with Holy Scripture, unless it was assumed that it merely adopted the customary mode of expression. But, added the Cardinal, that was a method of interpretation to be employed only in case of the greatest necessity." However they were in no hurry to take alarm at Rome. When, two years later, Galileo first avowed his Copernican views in a treatise on the Solar Spots, Cardinals Barberini and Maffei as well as Frederick Borromeo wrote to thank him in warm terms for the copies he had sent them of his admirable work. But it is not true to say that he went out of his way to introduce the theological question into scientific controversy; the Scriptural defence of his teaching was forced upon him from without. In consequence of suspicions raised by his Apology, addressed to the Grand Duchess Dowager Christina, he made his second visit to Rome in 1616, coming again of his own accord, not in obedience to any formal summons. There was by this time a powerful party forming against him at Rome, and he did not conciliate opponents by his outspoken and contemptuous exposure of the absurdity of the Ptolemaic system. The authorities were still friendly to him personally—Bellarmine notably so—but the matter had gone too far to be dismissed without some formal pronouncement, and it was referred to the Inquisition. The decree defines that "the proposition that the Sun is the centre of the world and immovable from its place is absurd and false philosophically, and formally heretical, because expressly contrary to Holy Scripture." The proposition that the earth is not the centre of the world, nor immovable, but that it moves with a diurnal motion, is qualified as "absurd and false philosophically, and, theologically considered, at least erroneous in faith." Why the two complementary statements of the same fact should be differently characterized is not very obvious, as any judgment on one must necessarily include both. But the important point to note is that the first proposition is pronounced to be "formally heretical." If this were so, it does not seem greatly to matter whether or not Galileo was explicitly commanded never in any way to hold or teach it, and whether a promise to that effect was extorted from him—as recorded in the disputed note of February 26—

for he was clearly bound as a good Catholic to abandon *ex animo* a tenet condemned as heretical by the supreme authority of his Church. Here, however, we are confronted by the vexed question of the authority of the decree, which Gebler asserts—quoting some Ultramontane authorities, who might easily be multiplied—not to be infallible, because wanting the Pope's official ratification (*Sanctissimus confirmavit et publicari mandavit*) which could alone make it so. The question is too important, both in itself and in its bearings on the conduct of the authorities towards Galileo at his second trial in 1633, to be passed over in silence. But we must compress what we have to say about it into the shortest available space.

That the Copernican system of astronomy should be condemned by an ecclesiastical tribunal of the sixteenth or seventeenth century was natural, if not inevitable. In the opinion of the immense majority of the religious world, Roman Catholic and Protestant alike, it directly contradicted the letter of Scripture, and therefore seemed to undermine the whole scheme of revelation. The work of Copernicus himself, dedicated to Pope Paul III., was published posthumously in 1543, and with a preface by Osiander reducing his great discovery to a mere hypothesis. It was not till it was taken up and reaffirmed with fresh evidence by Galileo that it challenged the serious attention of the learned and the fears of the religious public. How natural was this feeling of alarm Gebler has himself explained:—

Before the powerful mind of Copernicus ventured to question it, our earth was held to be the centre of the universe, and about it all the rest of the heavenly bodies revolved. There was but one "world," and that was our earth; the whole firmament, infinity, was the fitting frame to the picture, upon which man, as the most perfect being, held a position which was truly sublime. It was an elevating thought that you were on the centre, the only fixed point amidst countless revolving orbs! The narrations in the Bible, and the character of the Christian religion as a whole, fitted this conception exceedingly well; or, more properly speaking, were made to fit it. The creation of man, his fall, the flood, and our second venerable ancestor, Noah, with his ark in which the continuation of races was provided for, the foundation of the Christian religion, the work of redemption;—all this could only lay claim to universal importance so long as the earth was the centre of the universe, the only world. Then all at once a learned man makes the annihilating assertion that our world was not the centre of the universe, but revolved itself, was but an insignificant part of the vast, immeasurable system of worlds. What had become of the favoured status of the earth? And this indefinite number of bodies, equally favoured by nature, were they also the abodes of men? The bare possibility of a number of inhabited worlds could but imperil the first principles of Christian philosophy.

We cannot therefore altogether sympathize with our author's "indignation" either at "the iron rule by which a privileged caste repressed the progress of science in the name of religion," or at the "unworthy servility" of Galileo. The "privileged caste" could hardly under the circumstances have judged otherwise than it did; and if Galileo had nothing about him of the martyr spirit—as he certainly had not—it might be hard to prove that a scientific discoverer is bound to become a martyr for his convictions, though he is bound of course, like everybody else, not to say what he knows to be untrue, as Galileo unfortunately often did. But his position was a very trying one, and the more so as it is abundantly clear from his private letters that he was in reality and not merely in profession a sincere Catholic believer, and his conscience was probably much disturbed at the conflict between his scientific convictions and the duty of submission to his Church. But while there is much to be said in mitigation or exculpation of the conduct of the ecclesiastical authorities, it is a very different matter to reconcile their act in condemning as "heretical" what is now admitted by everybody, Popes included, to be at once innocuous and true with the claim of Papal infallibility. It is of course a matter of life and death to modern Ultramontanes to show that the Popes were never officially committed to the condemnation of Galileo's teaching, and Gebler, as we have seen, acquiesces in their verdict. But it is in fact based on the merest *ex post facto* special pleading, as was conclusively shown in a pamphlet on the *Pontifical Decrees Against the Motion of the Earth* published in the year of the Vatican Council "by a Priest of the Province of Westminster." The author first explains that the magical clause "*Sanctissimus confirmavit*," &c., said to be providentially wanting to the decree, is wanting only because it did not come into use till many years after the condemnation of Galileo, while on the other hand there is abundant evidence that the decree of 1616—reaffirmed and enforced in 1632—was, and was intended and known to be, a strictly Papal judgment, emanating from Paul V. himself, who had expressly applied his mind to the doctrinal question at issue. It is further shown that the theory thus solemnly condemned as "false, pernicious, heretical, and wholly opposed to Holy Scripture," and ordered to be "utterly abolished" (*ut prorsus tolleretur*) by Paul V., and which Galileo was required by his successor Urban VIII., on the strength of that decree, to "abjure, curse, and detest" as "an error and heresy," had been for seventy years before the Church as a tolerated hypothesis, and was now formally and deliberately adjudicated upon because scientific men were coming to believe that it would or might turn out to be true. It may be added that the books condemned in this decree are expressly included in an Index published by Alexander VII. in 1664, and again, more than a century afterwards, in another Index published "by apostolical authority" by Benedict XIV. And the emphatic condemnation of Galileo's heresy, as such, both in 1616 and in 1633 is only the more conspicuously illustrated by the manifest desire of the Papal authorities on both occasions to treat the suspected heretic with exceptional and unprecedented indulgence. It was not that they wished to persecute him, but that they felt bound, in

spite of personal regard and sympathy for him, to take effectual measures against the pernicious doctrine sheltered under his name, "ne ulterius in perniciosam Catholicam veritatis serpat."

It is from failing to apprehend this that Gebler, with every intention to be impartial, has given a decidedly unfair colouring to the trial of Galileo before the Inquisition in 1633. To attribute his being summoned to Rome to the irritation of Urban VIII. at the idea that Galileo had satirized him in the *Dialogi* under the name of "Simplicius" is a purely arbitrary assumption. Gebler fully admits that there is no reason whatever for supposing that Galileo had such an intention; and we must add that there is also nothing in the circumstances to suggest that the Pope thought he had, and nothing to suggest so unworthy a motive in the character of Urban, who had been a warm friend and admirer of Galileo, and had accepted as Pope the dedication of his famous work *Il Saggiatore*. Urban was in fact one of the most enlightened and liberal-minded pontiffs of his age; he had winked hard, and was still willing to wink hard at the theological aberrations of his distinguished scientific friend, but he could not wholly forget the exigencies of his position, and a line had to be drawn somewhere. His conduct is abundantly explicable, and indeed far more intelligible and consistent, without any gratuitous imputation of secondary motives. It had been officially brought to his knowledge, and pressed on his attention by those who were no friends to Galileo, that the philosopher had maintained in the *Dialogi*, under the most transparent disguise, and with very damaging cogency of argument, the identical doctrine which had sixteen years before been solemnly condemned as contrary to Scripture and heretical, and which Cardinal Bellarmine had formally notified to him "cannot therefore be defended or held." There could be no doubt of the facts, even supposing the disputed note of February 26 to be spurious; but we see no reason for supposing this, and Galileo's statement before the Holy Office, that he did not remember the circumstances recorded in it, proves nothing, for he would naturally make out the best case for himself he could, and his shifty disingenuousness throughout the whole affair does not allow us to attach any weight to his unsupported assertion. Moreover he might have forgotten exactly what occurred so long before. The treatment accorded to him by his judges, if measured by the ordinary rules and precedents of the Holy Office—which were no doubt unpleasant enough—was lenient in the extreme, and this he owed to the personal favour of Urban. It was an understatement to say that he was "vehemently suspected of heresy," for they would have been idiots if they had doubted, in spite of his reiterated denials, that he really held and meant to propagate the doctrine propounded nominally as "an hypothesis" in the *Dialogi*. As a relaxed heretic—and that was his real position in the eyes of the Court—he was liable, even after his abjuration, to capital punishment or imprisonment for life. But he was not tortured, nor even threatened with the torture, and he can hardly be said to have been imprisoned at all. During nearly the whole period of his detention in Rome he was suffered to reside at the house of the friendly Tuscan ambassador; and for the fortnight of his formal confinement under the roof of the Inquisition, while the trial was actually proceeding, so far from being thrown into a dungeon as has been represented, he was lodged in spacious and comfortable apartments, left free to correspond with his friends, and his own servant was allowed to attend upon him. And the only penalty eventually inflicted upon him, besides a few devotional exercises, was an enforced residence for some time away from Florence, evidently from a not unreasonable suspicion that he would use his influence in the city for disseminating his condemned opinions by word of mouth. The stories of his torture, imprisonment, having his eyes put out, and the like, as well as the famous *E pur si muove*, are shown by Gebler to be fictitious.

We have already said that further investigation tends to exculpate from moral blame the persons "directly" concerned in the trial of Galileo; while unfortunately our respect for his personal character is not raised on closer inspection. But it is not fair to judge him by too high a standard. He was not a hero or a martyr, he was firmly convinced of the truth of his scientific theory and of its compatibility with a belief in Scripture, and he may not have considered the decree of 1616 binding on his faith as a Catholic. He cannot indeed have known anything of the ingenious subterfuges by which modern Ultramontanes have attempted to evade its force, but he was not obliged as an orthodox Catholic to believe in Papal infallibility, and very likely did not believe in it. He was however bound as an honest man not to promise an obedience which he never intended to render, and then deny his disobedience when he was charged with it. He would have been spared all his troubles if he had been content to remain at Padua, under the protection of the Venetian Republic, which could and certainly would have guaranteed him, as it guaranteed his friend Sarpi, against any Papal interference with his liberty of action; whereas the Grand Duke of Tuscany, though heartily desirous to help him, had neither the spirit nor the power to resist the Court of Rome. But the moral blame of his persecution rests, not with the Popes, who did their best to befriend him, but, as Gebler has pointed out, with the Jesuits, who showed themselves in his case, as they have too often done before and since, arbitrary, interested, and disingenuous. Nor is it easy to excuse their machinations against him on the plea of orthodox zeal. There is reason to believe that the more cultivated among them already knew or suspected the truth of his discoveries, but they did not choose to be anticipated. They had

hitherto enjoyed a monopoly of science, and Galileo threatened to oust them from their vantage-ground; "as one of the most advanced pioneers of science he was in the highest degree inconvenient to the Jesuits." He had engaged in personal controversy with some of them, and had not been sparing of his ridicule; when the *Dialogi* appeared, his friend Father Riccardi told Count Magalotti that "the Jesuits would persecute him with the utmost bitterness." And he himself quotes, in a letter to Diodati, the significant words of a Jesuit, Father Griemberger, to a friend of his own at Rome; "If Galileo had only known how to retain the favour of the Fathers of this College, he would have stood in renown before the world, he would have been spared all his misfortunes, and could have written what he pleased about anything, even about the motion of the earth." From which Galileo draws the very natural inference that "it is not this opinion or that which has brought, and still brings, about my calamities, but my being in disgrace with the Jesuits." And this inference is strongly confirmed by the testimony of facts. That Urban VIII. had no wish to go out of his way to meddle with his old friend, and was annoyed and distressed by the whole business, is clear from first to last. But the Jesuits were well aware that no Pope could afford to ignore a charge of heresy once preferred, of which damning evidence was producible. When Galileo had incurred their enmity the most tolerant of pontiffs could not refuse to give effect to it; he might do much to mitigate the blow, but could do nothing to arrest it.

OLD LANCASHIRE.*

THIS is a graceful little volume of the order of Miss Mitford's *Our Village*. The "Memories" are recollections of obsolete types of life by one who has lived in and beyond them. We do not feel sure that the scenes which the writer so pleasantly describes can have been altogether agreeable in the reality. Age, however, has sweetened them as frost mellows medlars. Perhaps, too, the fact that Ashton and Bury bordered upon Mrs. Potter's Arcadia may add a touch of piquancy. She deprecates the calumny that in Lancashire the country cannot exist by reason of the town. But it is the juxtaposition of manufacturing associations and rural sights and sounds which gives the special idyllic charm to her book. We do not doubt that she enjoyed as keenly as she says she did her holiday journeys by the canal packet-boat to the quaint garden-house in which her cousins lived ten miles off. Full half, however, of the pleasure to her readers, as formerly to herself, is in the sense of the neighbourhood of the mills and factories from which the boat transported her. To embark at seven in the morning and reach one's destination at half-past ten had a delicious tediousness about it when each yard of water-lilies and rushes measured itself off against a corresponding yard of remembered bricks and mortar.

Rural Lancashire in Mrs. Potter's youth was as aristocratic in its sentiments as the rocks which, she reminds her readers, will only caw for the amusement of a good old family. Lofty Highway, Esq., of Highmount, had bought an estate; but he could not bribe rooks to build even in his most seductive elms. That they would do only for the real "Squire," at the Hall, who lived as simply as a farmer. A family, which could name its ancestors was the prouder of its inheritance for being elbowed by the carvers of their own fortunes. In the locality—itsself, we infer, overshadowed by tall chimneys—in which our author lived as a girl, the person with the principal pretensions to rank was an agent to Lord Derby. He was unfortunate in being born to the very ordinary name of Dickson. But he and his sisters, Violetta the sentimental, and Miss Deborah who in appearance was like "Herodias his brother Philip's wife," had cured the defect by using as a *s* with a long tail. "Vestly" was their pet word. They were "vestly happy" to see their friends, the day was "vestly oppressive," or a bonnet was "vestly becoming." They annually insulted the Dissenting minister by a present of Windsor soap, as if his face wanted it. Even their housemaid objected to sit under the new curate because he was "not a graduate." One possession they had of more value than their long-tailed *s*. Among Mr. Dickson's early acquaintances was a baronet who found cause to divorce his wife just before the completion of her portrait which he had commissioned of Sir Joshua. The husband tossed it to Mr. Dickson, who happened to be with him when the picture arrived, bidding him "use the canvas to pack his trunks in." "Aunt Dorcas" is another of the quaint personages we are introduced to who had aristocratic associations. Her great-grandfather was a baronet, her grandfather had been high sheriff, and she inherited from her mother various broadcated silks. She never forgot that she was "a Dukinfield." Her chief vexation in life, next to the death of her one-eyed husband, was the precedence a sister-in-law claimed by virtue of a remote descent from a peer. The noble blood claimed by Aunt Dorcas's sister-in-law was shared by her apparently with the village schoolmaster. Their magnificent ancestor had, strangely enough, been a Presbyterian. But the meeting-house understands distinctions in rank at least as well as the Church. "Hugh Lord Willoby's" pew still retained a wooden canopy to mark its titled occupant, and there sat his descendant John Shaw, the National schoolmaster, in his brown wig and white cravat. If

* *Lancashire Memories*. By Louisa Potter. London: Macmillan & Co. 1879.

unkind fate had refused the privilege of gentle birth, that did not prevent people in rural Lancashire, any more than in Baywater, from correcting the accident by showing their innate taste for refinement. Mrs. Weston's husband was in business; but Mrs. Weston "had a strong love of the genteel, and an overweening preference for those she conceived to be somebody." She had an equal contempt for Dissenters and for Charles James Fox. Shortly before her death she discarded her best bed of brown and yellow print, with lions' heads at the corners, for a piece of blue and white upholstery, because "at the sale the old bed would look so shabby." The beautiful old house she lived in was called Maudesleys. It would have pleased her to rechristen it poetically "Daisy Bank," but unluckily every daisy had been carefully extirpated.

A more respectable, if a yet more impracticable, sentiment than Mrs. Weston's love of "gentility" was the conservatism which lingered in our author's girlhood among Lancashire cotton-spinners, as well as among the descendants of high sheriffs and forgotten peers. Though the thatcher had to be fetched for the smallest repairs from thirty miles off, and though the encroachments of the town made sleeping under a thatched roof something like drying a powder-flask in the oven, Mr. and the Miss Crokers had a lofty scorn of slate. They had no æsthetic predilection for thatch; it was enough that the house "was always thatched." With a generous faith in ovens and cooks "they baked their puddings in splendid foreign china dishes because 'Aunt Anne did it.'" In the same spirit of conservatism old superstitions lingered long in these Lancashire villages, even when they grew into suburbs of smoky towns. Ghosts had their reverent adherents, and so had witches and warlocks. Some lovers of practical joking inscribed by acids a mysterious warning on an egg, which they then deposited in a hen-house. A conclave of the whole neighbourhood was held to consider what was to be done. An old peasant solved the difficulty. "I'd set it, I'd set it," he cried; "it'll haply hatch a witch; and if hoo spit fire a field's breadth I'd pin her to the cop wi' a pikel." This was before Mrs. Potter's personal reminiscences began; but faith in ghosts and witchcraft survived to her childhood and beyond. Festivals were kept with various solemnities, generally of the convivial kind. Easter brought its "pace-eggers," with their fight of St. George and the Dragon. It was celebrated also by the eating of little heavy spiced cold currant dumplings called Easter balls. The number cooked was determined by the years the heads of the household had been married. In the last year of the life of Mrs. Potter's grandmother fifty were served up. In August there was the rush-bearing to keep the church warm in winter. The rushes were arranged in a cart, covered with a white cloth, and spread over with borrowed silver plate. A shepherdess preceded, carrying a lamb in a basket. There was a fool, too, in a mask; and a dozen young men and maids performed the morris dance. The 5th of November had its procession, in which apples and potatoes were roasted instead of Guy Fawkes. It had also its treacle-toffy and hard-cake, "an abominable compound," yet not the less insisted upon. Before the hard-cake had been digested came Christmas with its pies.

Though Lancashire rural life followed certain traditions and ran in grooves, these, unless Mrs. Potter's relations and acquaintances were very exceptional, must have left abundant opportunity for the nursing of peculiarities. Aunt Dorcas has furnished her affectionate niece—unless, indeed, "aunt" be used as in New England and Virginia—with a specially characteristic model. Aunt Dorcas, "if she were living now, would be strong-minded." Forty years ago, when "each woman had a character of her own," her distinctive traits excited no surprise. They were just her way; and the explanation satisfied her world. She lived in a little six-room house, which yet could always expand to receive any nephew, niece, or friend who needed country air. Besides the six rooms, there was a room over the stable which was called by her the "powdering-room," and by her nephews and nieces, who loved the variety of its contents, "Noah's Ark." Aunt Dorcas was not beautiful, being, like others of Mrs. Potter's ancient Lancashire acquaintances, scarred with the small-pox. She had narrowly escaped being an old maid by marrying at fifty, after nineteen years of courtship, "the late Mr. Fincham." For seven years he wooed her in an earwig-haunted arbour in the garden on Sundays while her mother was at chapel. In that service he lost an eye, a thorn having penetrated it from a branch which he was holding on one side for his betrothed to pass. Then the mother died, and Aunt Dorcas honoured her memory with twelve years of mourning before accepting the hero's hand. Finally, the bridegroom died as much in love with her as ever. "When he felt his end approaching, he requested he might be spoken to no more, and repeated 'Dorcas, Dorcas, Dorcas!' more and more feebly until he expired." To be "tall, thin, and shambling, with only one eye," is not incompatible with pathos. His widow repaid his devotion with seven years of the deepest first mourning, followed by a lifelong second mourning as lugubrious, with one exception, if an exception it be, that she fringed her widow's cap with a false front of straggling black hair. The front was laid aside on the decease of a relation. The sun-dial mourned the late Mr. Fincham with a black border; the hen-coop was darkened; the very hat of the deceased was put into crape, and hung in the hall at once to frighten thieves and stir his relict's tears. Such leisure as she could spare from regrets for Mr. Fincham's virtues Aunt Dorcas spent in nursing and feeding the neighbourhood. For ourselves, we do not think, whatever our condition, we should have liked either her "mock mock-turtle soup without calves' head," certified

as "very nourishing for invalids," or her "pickled mussels," declared to have been "very relishing for those in robust health." Perhaps the one regimen was a preparation for the other. In any case her nephews and nieces did not quarrel with the turtle-soup at two removes, or with the mussels, so long as they had for playing fields her paradise of a garden, running over with sweets to smell and see and taste. Mrs. Potter has a speciality for describing gardens. They are of all sorts in this little volume, and are of a kind to set the city reader longing. There is the bachelor squire's paved garden court, with its blending of gooseberry-bushes and old-fashioned flowers. Then comes the pleasant Babel where ran riot the troop of cousins. Therein was a sunny sloping garden orchard, bearing the sweetest of little apples on lichen-covered trees a century old, and cherries "unlike all cherries I see now." At a higher level succeeds the pleasure of Maudesleys, about which "floated a sweet smell, warm, aromatic, and fragrant, a gentility of smell that is quite indescribable, and which I have never perceived in cottage gardens, or farmhouse gardens, or nursery gardens, though there may have been as many flowers, or more." Even the ante-diluvian nursery garden which Mrs. Potter remembers when a schoolgirl in Bloomsbury as having occupied the centre of Euston Square, though it must have been a dusty spot even at that time, gathers a touch of picturesqueness from her memories of its pond shadowed by the "large white thorn." Everywhere about the book we breathe the odorous air of old-fashioned gardens. All are charming in their several ways, though we should perhaps adjudge the crown to a ravishing but bewildering structure of lobelias, verbenas, moneyworts, betunias, and tropeolums, named by its inventress a "Charlotte," in reminiscence of a supper dish.

But old Lancashire gardens must not make us neglect others of their quaint Adams and Eves besides Aunt Dorcas. There were the two Miss Archers in the white weather-stained cottage at the edge of Riverton wood, to whom life had resolved itself into a fight against taking cold. Miss Martha was rumoured to wear her bonnet and mantle in bed, and "the linen for the night was assiduously sat upon during the day" to keep it warm. There was the funeral party from a distance which, "unwilling to incur the expense of a dinner at the 'Black Boy' after the service, brought its provision baskets in the hearse with the departed, and when all was over had a jovial picnic in the churchyard." There was Peggy Barnes, whose usual compliment to a visitor would be, "My word, but yo' looken ill; yo're none for this world, bell'e me." There was the gentle grandmother, last of her kind, "with her gold-headed cane and stories of the rebellion of 1745." "There are no real old grandmammass now," laments Mrs. Potter. Among her grandmother's fellow-townsmen were two of the Pretender's followers, sons of a non-juring clergyman. They were executed and their heads impaled on the Exchange. She had often seen the white-haired father "take off his hat, regardless of the weather, and remain uncovered whenever he came in sight of the ghastly remains." There was the equally gentle but more fantastic Miss Violetta Dickson, with the long-tailed s, whose costume, morning or evening, indoors as well as out, was a white gown, a silk cloak or shawl, and a bonnet on her head, with a plume of black feathers, and a parasol in her hand. Lastly there were Mr. Croker, his maiden sisters, his aunt and his great-aunt, of whom none were gentle but all were fantastic. The great-aunt Mrs. Anne was "one of those odious excellent people who have a great notion of doing their duty, and in the doing of it contrive to make themselves and all around them much more uncomfortable than if they had let the duty alone." Some cousins, having prolonged their visit inconveniently, were reminded of their error by hearing her call out loudly on the stairs before they were up, "A fine morning for cousins to go home." Her niece, who bore the same name, inherited her disposition. "All shouted in that establishment, for somebody was always deaf, and by the time the elders died, the juniors were become quite deaf enough to need shouting." The Croker family had occupied for a century a long low thatched cottage with latticed windows, which had been made incapable of opening lest the dust should blow in and soil the curtains. The ladies of the family manifested a rooted aversion to men. They would entertain their own sex hospitably enough. The richest of plum-cake was produced, and the thinnest and daintiest of porcelain cups without handles. So delicate were they that the sugar-tongs were light pierced ebony, lest metal should snip the edges of the china. One male being was tolerated and only one. That was Mr. Croker the nephew. But then he sympathized with his aunt's sombre views of human nature, especially masculine nature. Young men who wore gloves he deemed "poor, soft molly-coddles." A poor man was only one degree more contemptible in his eyes. Of such he had "no opinion." At only one moment was he in perfect charity with a relative or acquaintance. That was when he attended the funeral. A funeral was his single festivity. On the death of a half-cousin he had scarcely supposed the relationship justified the expectation of an invitation. But it came, and "his heart so expanded with geniality and good fellowship that, on his fellow-pall-bearer inviting him to dinner, he tapped the coffin emphatically with his knuckles, and said, 'Sir, on a day like this I can refuse nothing.'" If a relation died poor, though he would not have lent the man a shilling, he gladly bore the expense of a hearse with four horses for him. "The Crokers had always been carried to the grave by four horses." He would not spare a particle of the old formalities, "coaches, mutes, and scarfs, and large macaroons in white paper sealed with black." When the four black horses came for himself, it was found he had remained faithful to his aunt's dislike of the male sex. He left to his

nieces the antique thatched house on this condition—that "No man was on any pretence to sleep under the roof."

Mrs. Potter has written a very amusing book. She has called up a vision of Arcadia within ten miles of Ashton or Bury. She has shown her grandmother to have been all that nature ever intended a grandmother to be. Her cousins were of a kind to justify her in "accounting all people fortunate who had cousins." Her aunt may be pardoned her widow's cap and her mock mock-turtle in consideration of her cherries. But if Lancastrian Arcadia had many Mr. and Mistress Anne Crokers, for our own part we should prefer a cotton-mill.

EASTWICK'S HANDBOOK FOR MADRAS.*

FOR many years Madras lay, quite undeservedly, under the imputation of being the "Benighted Presidency." It was a popular belief that the Governor had always been at issue with his Council since the days when Lord Pigot was imprisoned by that august body and died in consequence. Madras had no harbour; nothing but a long open beach, on which the surf dashed with tremendous violence. Unlucky passengers were not landed there in the ordinary sense of the term, but were thrown violently on the shore from springy and elastic *manilah* boats, and were occasionally carried off by sharks, if the said boats chanced to be upset in the rollers. Madras was not the seat of political or commercial empire like Calcutta, nor the station of the Indian Navy like Bombay. No less than six different languages are spoken in the Presidency, some of them extremely difficult and crabbed. Its revenue system has been a puzzle to the Bengal civilian accustomed to deal with populous and magnificent zemindaries, no less than to the administrator of the North-West Provinces versed in all the intricacies of village communities and co-parcenary tenures. In short, no Director of the East India Company wished to send a favourite nominee—whether son, nephew, or Scotch cousin—to Madras, if he could avoid it; and men whose experience was gained in Behar and the Doab amused themselves with stories of their college friends who were relegated to a part of India where there was no such thing as a cold season, who followed wild boars over stony defiles with spears of the absurd length of eight and a half feet, and who were foolhardy enough to go after tigers on foot. It may now be said that a good many false impressions have disappeared, owing to the introduction of railways. But the change really dates from the later era of Lord Dalhousie. For many years during the present century each Presidency made laws for itself, was considered the best judge of its legal requirements, and rather prided itself on a sort of defiant isolation and exclusiveness. When, at the renewal of the Charter in 1833, the power of making laws, or "Acts," as they were then first called in place of "Rules and Regulations," was taken away from Madras and Bombay, and was vested in the Home Department of the Government of India, the jealousy felt by the subordinate Governments was naturally rather enhanced than diminished. Lord Dalhousie, in 1853, saw clearly that what was needed for good and effective government was more of personal intercourse and less of irritating correspondence. His celebrated Commission for the reform of the Post-office was judiciously composed of civilians taken from all three Presidencies, and when, in 1854, Lord Halifax, in correspondence with the Governor-General, created a Legislative Council, in which Acts were passed after oral debate, with Committees, reports, first, second, and third readings, and other Parliamentary forms, the members for Madras and Bombay found seats in that body side by side with judges of the Supreme Court, the member for the North-West Provinces and the member for Bengal. Even under subsequent modifications and enlargements of the Council the minor Presidencies have been invariably represented in legislation, and for some years one seat in the Viceroy's Executive Council has been assigned to a civilian of high standing from either Madras or Bombay.

The effect of these appointments has been to connect more closely the different parts of the Empire and to smooth friction, while railways and telegraphs have also had their usual effect in dissolving prejudice. In truth, no part of India is more deserving of a visit than Madras. A halo has been thrown upon its history during the early Anglo-Indian period by the achievements of Clive, Lawrence, and Cooté. It was the field where for some time we contended for sovereignty with the French, and where our supremacy was eventually attained as much by diplomatic skill as by strategy. It contains ruins of surpassing interest and temples of stupendous size. In its ranges of hills will be found climates and situations of more pleasing variety than in the Himalayas. The sportsman will meet there with every kind of game, from the elephant and the bison to the floriken and the snipe. And in very recent years its social history has been invested with a melancholy interest by the occurrence of a widespread and desolating famine.

The Handbook before us, in its original shape, was published soon after the Mutiny, or in 1859. Mr. Eastwick, to whom many parts of Western and Southern India were already familiar, has revisited India in 1878, and has revised and, we might almost say, has rewritten his original work. Broadly speaking, the Handbook

may be divided into four parts. There is an introductory chapter containing Hints to Travellers who are about to undertake an Overland Journey. Madras has a long chapter or section to itself. Another portion is devoted to routes in the Presidency. And there are several pages taken up with Hyderabad and the caves of Ellora and Ajunta, which, though geographically in the Dekkan, or southern part of India, have no necessary or immediate connexion with Madras itself.

We have no doubt that Mr. Eastwick, in his hints regarding health, diet, clothing, outfit, and precautions, has been actuated by the sincerest motives and has drawn some of his conclusions from experience gained on the spot. But it is equally certain that several of his recommendations have only to be mentioned at the mess-table or at the billiard-room of the Station to call forth a chorus of critical disapprobation. No two Anglo-Indians completely agree about rules for the preservation of health in India. One or two fundamental laws may be recognized; but on points of detail, and even of principle, there is a bewildering diversity of opinion. For instance, Mr. Eastwick prefers cotton as a dress to flannel, which he thinks suitable to the cold season only. There are old stagers who would tell him, aghast at his temerity, that it is owing to the unvarying use of flannel that they ever lived to return from India at all. The recommendation that "no European should voluntarily expose himself at any season to the direct rays of the sun" is one which is simply impracticable, even for tourists. Sportsmen would assure him that under certain precautions it is perfectly possible to be out for hours in a hot wind and under a copper sky; and to say nothing of campaigns and military expeditions, the exigencies of the service frequently compel young civilian magistrates and superintendents of police to perform long journeys on horseback without umbrellas, in pith hats, over arid plains, with the thermometer at ninety degrees in the shade. Exercise, duty, and excitement are proof against heat in the absence of malaria, and India cannot wait to be governed by public servants who never rise from their desks or leave their houses before sunset. It seems to us unreasonable, moreover, to recommend newly-arrived or casual Englishmen to abstain from such wholesome articles as fish and eggs at breakfast, to beware of late dinners when no one can very well dine before eight P.M., to go to bed at ten o'clock invariably, to get up at daybreak, or to use the bath at any hour of the day. As a rule Anglo-Indians are early risers. They use stimulants in moderation, they sleep under punkahs, and they eat less meat than they would do in England. But we should be sorry to pledge ourselves to any other fixed and unalterable laws, or to deny that Jones may do with perfect impunity, and even with benefit to himself, what would be fatal to Robinson and Thompson.

Mr. Eastwick has very properly avoided all discussions on revenue, police, and the judicial courts. His object is to enlighten travellers, and not to warn and instruct philanthropists and statesmen. And he has certainly succeeded in proving that there is an immense deal to be seen between the Godavery and the Pamban Pass or Rameswaram. Let us take some selections from his two-and-thirty routes. If the traveller turn his steps southward, Trichinopoly has some temples of modern date of which we are compelled to record that the most striking feature is their vast extent. According to Mr. Fergusson they are not two centuries old, and the general opinion is that the buildings are clumsy and the style tasteless. But at Tanjore, which is in about the same latitude as Trichinopoly, there is a magnificent pagoda of the eleventh century in which size and decorative splendour are wonderfully combined. A monument to the great missionary Schwarz, at the same station, is sure to arrest attention; and the inscription testifies to the esteem in which this remarkable man was held by the native Raja. How a bust of Nelson, executed by an English lady, came to be presented to the same Raja is not explained. This announcement sounds almost as odd as the incidental remark that a retired judge of the small French station of Karikal, not far distant, has set up as hotel-keeper at the station of Negapatam. At Chelambaram there are more temples, said to be the oldest in the south of India; and there is here a splendid hall which really numbers not far short of one thousand pillars. Madura, further south, boasts of another great pagoda, and Mr. Eastwick has taken infinite pains to give accurate measurements of figures, pillars, porticoes, porches, altars, tanks, and every detail for which these celebrated shrines are renowned. Rameswaram will have doubtless more attractions for a Hindu than for an Englishman; but it is suggestive of the intensity of the Hindu faith even in these days of growing unorthodoxy, to be told that the circle of a really devout Hindu is not completed till he has visited Jwala-Mookhi in the Punjab; a celebrated temple in Sindh; Hurdwar, near Roorkee, on the Ganges; Benares and Gaya; the temple of the Lord of the World, in Orissa; and Rameswaram, in the far south. We fear that many Hindus who are still considered highly orthodox think themselves to have discharged a pilgrim's duty when they have visited Poori, Benares, Gaya, and some shrines of local interest. A visit to Mysore may easily be combined with a trip to the splendid, fertile, and populous districts in the south; and those who prefer natural scenery to Hindu architecture will never be disappointed with the falls of the Kaveri, or those of the Gairsoppa on the west coast. Here we are compelled to remark that Mr. Eastwick's map of the Presidency is exceedingly incomplete, and to a stranger hopelessly perplexing. The map is not even coloured; the districts are not marked out; many rivers have no names at all; and even a practised eye would have some difficulty in determining where Mysore ends and Coimbatore begins. We turn gladly from this serious defect to notice the account of Hyderabad, the Nizam's dominions,

* *Handbook of the Madras Presidency; with a Notice of the Overland Route to India.* By Edward B. Eastwick, C.B. Second Edition. London: John Murray. 1879.

and the Caves of Ellora and Ajunta. The visit of Sir Salar Jung to this country, just two years ago, naturally made Englishmen acquainted with the character of the ablest of Indian native statesmen; and Mr. Eastwick justly eulogizes the ability with which this large tract has been governed by him for the last quarter of a century. Probably the character of the officers who have filled the important post of Resident has in some measure contributed to this end. One of the most honourable episodes in Metcalfe's life was the firmness he displayed in resisting undue claims on the Nizam's Government some sixty years ago; and the tact and firmness of Colonel Davidson in the critical hour of the Mutiny stand out conspicuously at a time which furnished numerous examples of the same pluck and pertinacity. From Hyderabad Mr. Eastwick recommends the traveller to visit Secunderabad and Bolarum. We should be inclined to add that the tourist might take up his quarters at either of the above places, which are within a morning's drive from Hyderabad, and make his excursions from cantonments. Golconda, with its tombs and mosques and courtyards overgrown with jungle, lies also within easy distance. The plateau of Hyderabad is, if we remember right, some eighteen hundred feet above the sea level, and under the vigorous rule of Sir Salar Jung, a ride through a city containing, roughly speaking, some 400,000 inhabitants—Arabs, Rohillas, and fanatics—may be enjoyed with as much ease and security as a ride through our own Lucknow and Benares.

A notice of Madras would be defective without its Hill stations. They want the snowy grandeur and the magnificent outline of the Himalayas, but by many they are much preferred as sanatoria. Instead of being confined to narrow ledges of rock and dangerous pathways from which pony and rider have been precipitated headlong to a certain death, the tourist or overworked official lives in dwellings that are not liable to slide down hill, with good-sized gardens, and drives a phaeton or pony carriage over an undulating country intersected by good roads. Foremost amongst these retreats is Ootakamund, familiarly termed "Ooty." Its elevation is above 7,000 feet, though it is surrounded by mountains which, in one or two peaks, considerably exceed 8,000 feet. Those who prefer a milder climate, a less elevation, and a more moderate rainfall, will find it at Conoor or Kunur, only ten miles from Ootakamund. These hills can be reached by railway, and carriage and pony, in some thirty-six hours from Madras. But Bangalore is even more easy of access, as the railway takes passengers the whole way to the present capital of Mysore, though its height is only 3,000 feet. Other hills are the Shevaroye and the Animalys; the former about 4,300 feet, and the latter between 4,000 and 7,000 feet. But, at particular seasons, they are hotbeds of fever, and at their best they offer attractions more suited to ardent sportsmen than to well-read tourists. Indeed we are amused to find that Mr. Eastwick's pages, after his warnings against exposure, indulgence, and so forth, are filled with notices of localities suited to sport. Elephants and wild cattle in one range; jungle-fowl and woodcock in another; streams full of fish in a third; slopes of hills covered with ferns and orchids and glittering with hoar frost in the winter—all this rather tends to make travellers oblivious of umbrellas and sunstrokes; and in a book which begins by prescribing a minute and regular scale of diet, it is tantalizing to be told of sundry delicious fruits, including the mangosteen, which, except through consignments from the Straits Settlements, is unknown in Upper India. There is a brief but correct notice of the hill tribe of Todas and of books treating of their primitive customs; but we do not find any reference to Colonel Marshall's book, though it deals most fully with their language, the supposed migration of their spirits after death to the "Om-Norr," or great country, their round dwellings, and their detestable habit of polyandry.

We must pass by the caves of Ellora and Ajunta, only warning travellers on their visit there to be provided against attacks of bees, which are often troublesome and sometimes dangerous. Aurungabad, and Doulatabad with the tomb of Aurungzebe, we can only mention in passing. It is rare to find a work on India with so few misprints, especially in the case of such a purist as the author. One or two errors Mr. Eastwick may thank us for pointing out. Mr. G. A. Bushby died at Hyderabad in 1856, and not in 1836, as printed. *Ramgunge*, in the preface, should be *Ranigunge*. "Gestation in the open air" is a curious phrase, when the writer merely means driving in a carriage or being borne in a palanquin. And we cannot go so far as Mr. Eastwick in his zeal for orthography as to designate the well-known French settlement by the name of *Puducheri*. The reader will find lists of kings and sketches of Mohammedan dynasties, tables of Hindu weights, money, and measures, and a vocabulary and dialogues of three of the most important vernacular languages. Altogether, what with personal inquiry and help from highly qualified civilians and military men, Mr. Eastwick has turned out a guide-book quite worthy of the excellent series to which it now permanently belongs.

MADELON LEMOINE.*

THIS is eminently a novel for the sea-side, or for any scene of idle leisure where the uneasy critical faculty slumbers; where people read to pass the time, read for the story, for incidents, scenes, situations, undisturbed by questionings or appeals to the

judgment, whether in matters of taste or probability. The author tells her story with spirit; it interests her. She is possessed by her theme, and pleasantly reliant on her reader's sympathy both with her characters and her mode of setting them before him. She is ready with expedients, fertile in resource. She writes with pure aims and an honest desire to put in an attractive light principles based on the old-fashioned ideas of morality and religion. Family life is pictured in amiable colours.

The novel, however, that courts criticism subjects itself to other tests than these, and is read under less indulgent conditions. And this particular novel strikes us as a specimen and typical example of much feminine novel-writing of the day in style and the way of telling the story. To adopt a culinary term, we will call it the *à-la-mode* style. As the epic poet has to show himself learned in all the learning of his day, so the lady novelist of this school has to introduce all the words and phrases newly current in society or its airy literature. She does not say things because the story requires them, but because she observes it is the thing to say them; and her book must be the echo of the latest novelties. We see the process by which words that are good enough in their place get hackneyed. Words ought to be familiar and, as it were, tame to the author, not newly caught and prominent from a sense of strangeness, striking the ear apart from the meaning they are intended to convey. The writer who talks in this dialect of the day has to assume by a sort of necessity an originality and way of her own in the mode of telling her story. She must introduce her personality to the reader, and take him into her confidence. "You see," she says to him, as if in smiling self-revelation, clothing all her comments on her personages in what is designed for the author's distinctive manner. There is evidently a great attraction in this adoption of fashions of speech; people feel that they are writing their best; a certain complacent consciousness—we do not say is, but—might seem to be kindled by it. Now new words and revived words have, no doubt, their place in literature; but words may be used once in a way to satisfy a present requirement which gives a character of affectation to style when taken into habitual use. Some words are made for common wear; others for a resource in some unusual need, when the writer has run over his familiar vocabulary, and has not found one that exactly hits the occasion. Such are the words "weird" and "weirdly," "limp," for a mental and bodily condition, "blurred," "disc," "shimmer," and others of a like class which haunt the modern novel. Happily "lurid," familiar to the readers of Ouida, which belongs to the same order, is not among them in the present example of the class under our notice, and its absence tells in favour of the author's simple aims and what may be called the "family" character of her story. Not but that "lurid" has its legitimate uses; but it is one of those strong and telling effects which offer too great a temptation to writers whose ambition is ahead of their powers.

When we speak of affectation, we are aware that the affectation may be put on in entire innocence; for it is to many persons easier to write under any other character than their own. It may even be an act of diffidence to address the public under the disguise of an assumed style. The fact remains, and we would press it upon every writer of fiction, that it is only through words issuing direct from his own mind and thoughts that he can either work himself into genuine feeling or stimulate the feelings and interest of his readers. Where he consults the fashion of the day and adorns his speech with current phrases, there will arise a vital difference between him and his reader. What he considers freshness and point, his reader sets down as flatness and affectation. Of course there are tongues that catch and propagate unconsciously a passing novelty or deviation from the familiar. The world used to say "Thank you," where too many now say "Thanks." The form of assent, "That is so," which began with the lawyers, creeps into common use. "Now and again," which the reader associates with a popular authoress, we see in other pages. But some styles are marked by a large adoption of the unfamiliar, by this straining after fashion; and that of *Madelon Lemoine* is most conspicuously so. It is a very storehouse of words, phrases, even slang contractions—e.g. "Varsity and Commem." put into the mouths of Oriel Fellows and old College Dons—that have caught the ear; thus diverting the attention from the thing told to the manner of telling it.

After all, few can dispense with the conventional—the language of print as opposed to the language of nature. It is a gift to be able to say things in the direct method, neither turning to the right or the left, however flowery, smooth, and familiar the path—not thinking how other people would describe, or reflect, or play with a subject. It is this consulting of precedent which lies at the root of our complaint—not seeing things by the light of your own intelligence, not telling them in the language and the cadences of your own ear, of your own tongue. Directness is half the battle in drawing a character. Thus, when we find the "selfish voluptuary," the evil influence of the story, defined as a shrivelled worldling, we feel to know all about him; we expect nothing new, no individual characteristics. It is so with all the personages of the story. They all remind us of somebody else. There is a child of violent uncouthness of speech and costume who owes her origin, we feel, to Dick Swiveller's Marchioness. It is difficult to fit new surroundings to old types, nor is this successfully done here; but it is fair to admit that the author acts the part of stepmother to these borrowed creations with spirit. Though we think we recognize originals of George Eliot under new disguises, it is not evident that she is alive to the transfer and adoption. She is fond of her characters, pets them,

* *Madelon Lemoine*. By Mrs. Leith Adams. London: Hurst & Blackett.

saturizes them, dwells on their peculiarities, exposes their ignorances, weaknesses, errors, with the patronizing tenderness of ownership and unaided observation of human nature; and though what they say and do is sometimes very unlike the nature we are acquainted with, or the habits of thought and manners of their class, it might be rather amusing if people so circumstanced did talk and act in the manner in which they are represented as talking and acting.

It is part of the same tendency to catch the fashionable manner, the trick of popular writers, that induces the female novelist especially to lavish on all her scenes and descriptions a prodigious amount of collateral detail, bearing very little or not at all on the main interest of the occasion. Every article of furniture is made to sympathize with, and to bear some noticeable part in, a moving scene. No attention is so concentrated as not to take in the minutest points of a situation. Nothing is left undescribed. Clocks have a prescriptive right to tick ominously, and to perform various "weird" functions; pictures and portraits are wont to play obtrusive and mysterious parts; but here a family crest on the seal of a letter awakens the most bitter antipathies. "A griffin decapitated but still grinning maliciously," is looked upon by the lady's-maid as a personal enemy; "there he lay upon the table grinning at her as was his wont." She would have liked to shake her fist at him. A small child is found with a book in his hand—a chance picture-book. And a page is given to Daniel in the lions' den, the red and yellow lions, and Daniel's green mantle, &c., &c. Nothing bears upon it; only if there is a book in the child's hands, the reader is not to be left in ignorance of the nature of its contents. This is the very secret of prolixity; to represent people's personality as extending on all sides of them, to everything the eye can take in, indoors or out; not only at a glance, but by a careful survey. In the most practised hand this distributing of the interest necessitates its dilution. People in critical positions forget their surroundings, and the reader ought to be allowed to share their concentration on one object; but it is easier to display a ubiquitous observation than to grasp a situation, and it passes with many novelists for the same thing.

Most novel-writers have to trust themselves and their luck in touching on points and treating of matters of which they have but a half knowledge. And, perhaps necessarily, female novelists are thrown most on this reliance on the good offices of chance. We are struck here, as elsewhere, by the boldness of their ventures into unfamiliar scenes and circumstances. There is courage in writing confidently of matters of which little is known by actual experience, and much only through the guesses and imagination of other novelists; there is ingenuity in catching and utilizing every glimpse into a strange world and treating it as part of the mind's stock of images and ideas. Such courage and ingenuity are, we doubt not, indispensable to the calling, and certainly they are not wanting in the present instance.

The heroine of the story is a mystery. She comes into the little North-country town of Bassendale clad in humble attire, "so poorly indeed that a servant would have scorned to don the shabby black dress and unbedizened bonnet," but "engirt by that nameless dignity that like a tangible wall separates the cultured gentlewoman from the vulgar and pretentious of her sex." She is the only mystery, however, of the story; and there is the set-off of a sister heroine, the rector's daughter, transparent in circumstances as well as character. Madelon Lemoine appears suddenly in Bassendale, and applies for the office of organist, then vacant. The appointment is in the hands of the rector, the Rev. Hubert Unwin, who embodies the author's ideal, both in principles and practice, of what a clergyman should be. He is the good genius of the piece, endowed with the God-bestowed gift of influencing others. He is a perfect man in a sense, but the chapter which introduces him is entitled "Incomplete" from the mistake of his life in falling in love with a pretty face with such a passionate devotion that the sacrifice of his hard-earned Oriel fellowship seemed but a dear and welcome offering to lay at his darling's feet. This sacrifice, however, is lightened to the reader by the fact that at the precise Commemoration when he first met the gentle Bessie he was offered the rectorship of Bassendale, and succeeded unexpectedly to a large fortune. The incompleteness came from another quarter. Bessie is an excellent wife, but, having set himself to train the mind of his child-wife, he found she had no mind to train. This dawning discovery was clenching on the occasion of his reading aloud to her "one of those grand life-histories that with each pregnant sentence give us a wider, clearer sense of the responsibility of man to man and all to God"; when she interrupted him with the inquiry if he was quite sure the vest he wore had been aired. It was a trying moment. All that summer night Bessie could see him walking in the garden with folded arms; but he was registering a vow, silent, but hardly less solemn than his marriage vow, to be kind and true to the child-wife who could not understand him; and he kept it. Bessie has more the look of being drawn from the author's own observation than the rest. Always devoted to her husband, and always worrying, especially on the subject of his health, she affords an opening for that medical knowledge and contempt of quackery which the author likes to show. We may here say that illness and disease in fiction should wear their poetical aspect, and never descend to painful details. The cholera, for instance, is quite a legitimate subject if used to exhibit the heroism of those who encounter it in the cause of humanity; but the various symptoms of the malady and a description of its terrors expressed in scientific medical phrase are quite out of place in a

novel. The same with the symptoms of heart disease, under which the rector finally sinks. Whether correctly given or not, it is especially one of those pieces of knowledge which the story-writer should keep to herself; instead of which it really seems as if he was killed off simply to give the readers the benefit of a medical experience.

Our criticism has taken the form of general reflections. We have dwelt on points of style and manner generally characteristic of the female novelist, of which the present volumes furnish an illustration. We have already said that they are excellently fitted to amuse the novel-reader under certain moods and conditions, and we have therefore purposely left the story untold.

FOLK-LORE RECORD.—VOL. I.*

WE have transcribed the only title-page which is given with this volume, unless we may reckon as such the page which gives the list of its contents. It would have been more convenient if the words announcing the "Folk-Lore Record" at the back of the volume had been placed at the top of the present, or repeated in a second, title-page. But the title of a book is of small consequence as compared with its matter; and we are more concerned with what the newly-established Folk-Lore Society is intended to do and what it has already done. The Prospectus of the Society expresses a hope that Grimm's *Deutsche Mythologie* might be presented by it to the public in an English dress. This idea has been given up, as a translation by Mr. Stallybrass is nearly completed and will be published by Mr. Sonnenschein. For next year Mr. Thoms mentions in his preface that the Society purpose to publish the materials left by Aubrey for his proposed work on the "Remains of Gentilisme and Judaisme," and preserved in the Lansdowne MS., No. 231, of which a transcript has been made under the superintendence of Mr. James Britten, of the British Museum.

In this first volume published by the Society we have twelve papers, in all of which perhaps some interesting and valuable matter may be found. The ground occupied by the Society is certainly not exhausted; some of it has scarcely been explored at all. But some portions at least have been examined with care; and in going over these much time may be wasted, if due precautions are not taken against doing work which has been already done. Even in the case of popular stories it would not be difficult to bring together variations, which would add little to our knowledge, and which have little to attract us in themselves; but it is still more easy to fill a volume with notices of local customs and superstitions, if all that may even now be heard from the country people is put down without any attempt to determine whether the customs and superstitions in question are peculiar to the place or more widely extended. It is very true that, if we wish ever to get at absolutely correct generalisations, the most scrupulous accuracy is needed in the registering of particulars. Some subtle shades of difference may be found, which may give a new character to notions well known and almost hackneyed; and whether it be so or not in any given case, the inquirer must be the judge. When, then, we have in the first paper of this volume a treatise of more than sixty pages on West Sussex superstitions, which are described as "lingering in 1868," we may be prepared to go over ground not altogether unfamiliar, but we certainly expect to see the peculiar features of West Sussex superstition carefully brought together and contrasted with the superstitions of other parts of the country. It is, of course, unnecessary to say that there is a vast mass of popular notions, written and unwritten, to be found perhaps in every county in England; and if these are all to be recorded as notions belonging especially to each county, the result may well appal us. Nor is it altogether pertinent to reply that the record must be made in each county before the process of comparison can be gone through for all, for all that is asked for is that the inquirer should not treat as peculiar to a place that which he knows of his own experience to be the common inheritance of the whole land. There is an imposing appearance of system and method in the 195 sections which make up this paper on West Sussex; but it would be quite true to say that many of them contain matter which belongs to Sussex no more than it belongs to Surrey, Somerset, or Devon. It is also, perhaps, time to say, when we are threatened with something like a complete registration of all the thoughts—or, at least, all the expressions—of the common people, that some at least of their notions and their talk have absolutely no value whatever, and that the line of exclusion must be drawn somewhere, unless we are to be inundated with volumes which none but special students will care to look into. The popular idea that "good fortune will follow you if you pick up a horse-shoe" is certainly not without its interest, but it belongs no more to West Sussex than to any other county. Nor do we see why we should be told this in Section 9, while we have to read on to Section 85 before we learn that if this horse-shoe be nailed over the door it will prevent all witches and evil spirits crossing the threshold. Miss Latham, to whom we are indebted for this paper, goes on to tell us that "an old woman in Tillington parish keeps with religious care a printed copy of the apocryphal epistle of our

* The Folk-Lore Society for Collecting and Printing Relics of Popular Antiquities, &c. Established in the year 1878. Publications of the Folk-Lore Society. Vol. I.

Lord to Abgarus, King of Edessa, which she bought from a travelling man (that is, a pedlar), who told her that, if she stuck it on her kitchen wall, it would preserve her and her house from witchcraft and the evil eye." A special prominence may be given in West Sussex to the protection against these particular disasters; but that this letter may be found in cottages throughout the country, and that it is regarded with superstitious reverence, must be known to all who have had their eyes open for such things. The dried leaves of vervain, "worn in a black silk bag," are recommended, it seems, as a cure for weakly children; and the author adds that a belief in the virtues of this insignificant plant is as old as the days of Druidism. Whatever its antiquity may be, its chief interest lies in the fact that the verberna was as highly revered by the Latins as it was by the Greeks under its august title of Hierobotane.

In a paper on "Wart and Wen Cures" Mr. Hardy traverses in part the ground explored by Miss Latham, and the result is repetition. Bacon's account of the cure, or supposed cure, of his warts by the wife of the English Ambassador at Paris is quoted in full in p. 41, and again in p. 217; and all that we can say is that Mr. Hardy seems to infer that Bacon believed in the means adopted for their cure, while Miss Latham holds that such an assertion would be too hasty and is not warranted by his words. From the list of queries at the end of the volume we learn that Mr. W. G. Black is preparing for the Society a small work on folk-medicine. Mr. Black asks for notes illustrative of his subject, "which comprehends charms, incantations, and those traditional habits and customs which relate to the preservation of health and the cure of disease, practised now, as formerly, at home and abroad." The whole of Mr. Hardy's paper, and great part of that of Miss Latham's, would fall within these limits, to say nothing of the bulky volumes on this subject edited by Mr. Cockayne. But, in justice to the public generally, the materials thus brought together should be submitted to a tolerably careful process of sifting. The details of popular superstitions are not always attractive; but it is pleasant to find them sometimes almost harmless in character. Some of the so-called charms resolve themselves into the mere expression of a hope or a prayer. One old woman, we are told, cured wounds by simply reciting the verse:—

Our Saviour Christ was of a pure Virgin born,
And He was crowned with a thorn;
I hope it may not rage nor swell:
I trust in God it may do well.

Another, an old man, noted for the cure of burns, crossed his fingers over the injured part, saying, "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I hope it may do well." It would be interesting to ascertain whether these forms are primitive, and whether the repulsive and disgusting incantations which, with a thousand pointless and unmeaning remedies, seem to be more generally popular, are of later growth.

In a paper on the Folk-Lore of France Mr. Lang makes some excellent remarks on the tests by which borrowed stories may be distinguished from those which may be regarded as indigenous. Among the popular French legends treated by him is one which corresponds to the English song "Billy Taylor." Mr. Lang notes that the tale is told also in Slavonic poetry, and adds, "Speaking of coincidences, it may be worth noticing that the 'Fause Foodrage,' the traitor in a Scotch ballad, seems to occur as the Fordresse of a song in which a villain kills his mistress. . . . M. Auricoste de Lazarque suggests that 'Fordresse,' in the lips of German girls, is an alteration of *faux-traitre*, words which are often repeated in popular songs and stories." Two explanations, not less interesting, are given of the phrase "A Scarborough warning" in the only anonymous paper in this volume, on Yorkshire local rhymes and sayings. The one refers it to the overflowings of a rivulet called Skyreburn, which is liable even with an ordinary fall of rain to come down suddenly "in prodigious volume and vehemence. The abruptness of the danger has given rise to a proverbial expression, generally used throughout the south-west of Scotland,—*Skyreburn warning*. It is easy to conceive that this local phrase, when heard south of the Tweed, would be mistaken for Scarborough warning." The other explanation is given by Abraham de la Pryme, who in his Diary asserts that some unnamed official of Scarborough, who was usually a very poor man, had a right to gavelage, "a certain tribute that every house pays to the . . . when he is pleased to call for it, and he gives not above one day warning, and he may call for it when he pleases." The latter has the advantage of assigning a local origin to the phrase; but the strangeness of the privilege which allowed a subordinate official to levy a tax at his own will and pleasure may justify a preference of the derivation which refers it to the Scottish stream.

Mr. Ralston's *Notes on Folk Tales* form, as we might expect, the most interesting paper in this series. It is written with studied care and moderation; but it seems to lean decidedly to the conclusion that "a great part of the folk tales now existing in Europe have been borrowed from the East." This may be true, and yet the main positions of comparative mythologists may remain unaffected by the theory. "The East" is an indefinite term which may prove too little or too much. We can understand the transmission of stories from Syria and Arabia through Asia Minor into Western Hellas; and in more modern times we might explain their migration from far more distant regions. But the case seems altered when we find Hindu popular stories agreeing closely with Greek traditions which we find related in the earliest Greek literature. Professor Max Müller himself long ago avowed his belief

that the story of the Master Thief came into Europe through the Arabic translation of the Histopades. He was, of course, aware of the story of Rhampsinitos in Herodotus; but of this story he asserted that it contained nothing which turns on the trick of the Master Thief. The assertion was over-hasty. Any one who pleases may compare that tale with the Norse and Scottish traditions of the Master Thief and the Shifty Lad, and he can rise from the task only with the conviction that the framework of the Herodotean tale is precisely that of the other two, and that it agrees with the latter more closely than it corresponds with the *Arabian Nights* story of the "Forty Thieves." But we have to go back further still. Professor Max Müller asserted that the tale of the Master Thief was not known in Europe in the days of Herodotus. But the chief incidents in the Norse and the Highland versions are to be found in the so-called Homeric Hymn to Hermes, and with these we find also the very title of the legend. In the Teutonic and Celtic versions this designation is an honour bestowed only when the prowess of the thief is indisputably established; and with equal emphasis it is bestowed by Phœbus as a reward which Hermes is to enjoy for ever amongst gods and men alike—

ἀρχὸς φηλήτων κεκλησέαι ἥματα πάντα.

It is clear that evidence cannot be more cogent than this; and, unless we apply the theory of conscious borrowing to this ancient Aryan tradition, we cannot in fairness apply it to others merely because these may exhibit similar points of likeness. Mr. Ralston evidently feels the difficulty; and he draws a tolerably sharp distinction between what he terms mythological and non-mythological stories; but we may be forgiven for saying that he scarcely sees with sufficient clearness the conditions under which the former class of tales grew up. He is far too much impressed with the notion that their origin is to be traced to conscious comparisons of things inanimate with human beings, for he imports this notion even into the account which he gives of the theory of comparative mythology:—"In the world's morning time . . . the idea may well have occurred to some of the more poetic among them, that the revival of the earth in spring resembled an awakening from sleep." This idea of a simile suggested here and there to gifted minds seems a strange inversion of the real facts of the case as they are made known to us by the analysis of language. Whatever impressions were made upon men's minds in the early days were literally forced in upon them. Every object lived; and the belief was not dependent upon distinctions of grammatical gender, for as yet none such existed. While there was yet no copula between subject and predicate, the earth and the sun breathed. But this act was in no way associated with the notion of a human form. As Professor Max Müller has well said in his recent Hibbert Lectures, "Our troglodyte ancestors were neither idiots nor poets. In saying 'the sun or the nourisher is breathing,' they meant no more than that the sun was active, was up and doing, was moving about like ourselves." The idea of the sleeping and the re-awakening of nature was not one awakened in this or that mind; it was forced upon all, and the myths which sprang from it were a universal growth, in no way dependent on the genius of the poet for its first development.

Taken as a whole, this volume furnishes some excellent material, with some of doubtful value. Little is gained by a repetition of the same facts or notes; and in proportion to the care exercised in selection will be the lessening of labour for those who have to work upon these materials hereafter.

SALMON AT THE ANTIPODES.*

THERE are certain matters which are of such general importance that they are the business or the interest of nobody in particular, and one of these is the acclimatization of salmon. It is asserted that the fish with almost miraculous instinct will return to the very river he has been spawned in; but the fact is scarcely so solidly established as to justify glowing prospectuses of Breeding Companies (Limited). A riparian proprietor would be casting his money into the water with a vengeance, were he to stock his own portion of a stream in the faith of a handsome pecuniary return. And when it becomes a question of transporting a species of fish from one continent to another, there is always the probability that nature may interfere, and insist on abiding by her original arrangements. Yet nature, after all, may be open to suggestions; and it is fortunate when there are wealthy and patriotic enthusiasts like Sir Samuel Wilson to take up projects which they have deeply at heart. Sir Samuel Wilson is one of those men who deserve to enjoy the fortunes they have made. We believe that, emigrating from Ireland as a lad, he has made his way in the world by his own abilities; and, having succeeded in Victoria beyond his expectations, he has been the munificent benefactor of his adopted country. Among other things, he has turned his attention to the introduction of the salmon, appreciating it both as an invaluable article of food and for the sake of the sport. His present volume is a reprint of a paper written originally for the Zoological and Acclimatization Society of Victoria. If it was read as a paper before the Society it may have seemed somewhat lengthy; as a book it is short and exceedingly interesting. Very sensibly, he

* *Salmon at the Antipodes; being an Account of the Successful Introduction of Salmon and Trout into Australian Waters.* By Sir Samuel Wilson. London: Edward Stanford. 1879.

takes for granted that the mass of his readers know little of pisciculture; and he sets out with a graphic sketch of the observations by which certain French fishermen and savants came to the knowledge of how the ova of fish might be artificially impregnated. He follows this up with a brief account of the habits and nature of the salmon; but the real interest of the volume is in the story of those efforts of his own which, to a certain extent, have already proved successful. Not only has he spared neither money nor trouble, but he has carried out his work of acclimatization in a series of adventures which involved him in considerable hardships, with an appreciable dash of the dangerous.

Attempts to introduce the Salmonidae into Australasia have been made no less than ten times in the last twenty years. The greater number of those attempts proved total or partial failures, in spite of every precaution being taken that knowledge and forethought could suggest. The cause of the disappointments seems to have lain chiefly in the difficulty of regulating the temperature to suit the ova, partly in the eggs being packed and despatched too soon after their impregnation. For the salmon is essentially a cold-water fish, and the higher temperature of the Australian rivers was one of the principal objections that were urged against introducing it there. And besides, "it is well known by pisciculturists that . . . at a later period, when the embryo has reached a farther stage of development, the ovum will bear an amount of shaking and rough usage that would inevitably be fatal to it at an earlier period." The first success was achieved in 1864, when 100,000 salmon and 3,000 trout ova were shipped in the *Norfolk*. The trout ova had been taken from preserves in the Itchen by Mr. Frank Buckland and Mr. Francis; and, with the exception of some descendants from the proceeds of a subsequent shipment, they are said to be progenitors of all the trout that are existing now in Australia and New Zealand. The salmon eggs came from several of the Scotch and English rivers. They were packed in layers with moss and charcoal in wooden boxes. To keep down the temperature and keep back the hatching, the boxes were surrounded with thirty-two tons of ice. A hatching apparatus was of course in readiness for their arrival; but only one-third of the eggs were found to show signs of vitality; while of the fry but five hundred survived to be set at liberty in the waters of the Plenty. Repeated attempts with varying fortune, made it more and more evident that the results of the undertaking from first to last must depend chiefly on temperature. The hatching had succeeded far better in New Zealand, where it could be conducted at a temperature of 50° Fahrenheit, which is from 10° to 15° lower than that of the Australian waters.

In the meantime it had occurred to Sir Samuel Wilson that he might do better by turning his attention to the Californian species. The Californian salmon (the *Salmo Quinnot*) is accustomed to warmer water and a milder climate than the European fish; it is handsome, the flesh is excellent, and it has the great advantage of being extraordinarily prolific. It forces its way up the great rivers of the Pacific from incredible distances and in the face of apparently insurmountable natural obstacles, in the shape of rapids, waterfalls, and freshets. The first importations of the Californian ova failed chiefly from accidents or from circumstances beyond the control of the Directors. But successive failures only induced fresh exertions and precautions, until ultimately perseverance was fairly rewarded. A brief sketch of Sir Samuel's proceedings will give some idea of the minuteness of the unceasing attention that was bestowed on every detail. On the arrival of the ova they were taken by train and waggon, packed on elastic cushions of straw, to the hatching pools on the estate of Ercildoune. "The ova were packed in layers in a box or ice-chest, about three feet by four and about two feet in depth. They were placed between two pieces of mosquito net, about seven thousand in each layer, with a cushion of moss, about two inches deep, between each two layers, and also above and below the ova. Six inches of ice were placed over the eggs, and the bottom of the box was pierced with holes, to allow the escape of water from the melting ice. The ice was removed every twelve hours on the voyage from Sydney to Melbourne." The great object in the packing was to avoid any material which was at all likely to rot with damp. Brought into contact with anything mouldy an egg quickly loses vitality, and then the fungus generated in the decaying substance rapidly spreads through the rest of the ova. The gravel for the beds to which the eggs were transferred had been prepared by screening so as to secure uniformity of size; while it had been previously boiled to destroy the germs of insect life, which might possibly prove destructive. Removed from the ice into the water the ova began to hatch out immediately. One hundred young salmon were swimming about the next morning, as lively as the heart of their importer could desire. In their earliest stage the fry give little trouble. Nature has supplied them with the means of nourishing themselves, in the shape of an elongated bag, the contents of which they gradually absorb. Then they have to be fed artificially with grated sheep's liver, worked up with water to the consistency of cream. Sir Samuel's hatching apparatus was arranged beneath a little spring, where the flow of water was regulated by a dam, and conducted down to the hatching-boxes through a pipe of galvanized iron. The ordinary temperature was 53°, which was of course exceedingly favourable.

But in importing ova in a state of vitality, and even in hatching the young fry, Sir Samuel had only overcome the initial difficulties. It was a still more hazardous undertaking to convey them to the waters they were intended to stock; for they had to be taken great distances by rail, and had sometimes to be carried on wheels over

a rough and almost trackless country. Next to preserving a suitable temperature, the great secret is to keep the water aerated; and Mr. Samuel mentions incidentally that the fry are exceedingly sensitive to tobacco smoke, the nicotine that impregnates the air acting as a slow poison on them. The last chapters of his book, which give the narrative of his adventures on some of the stocking expeditions, should be sensational enough to please anybody. On one of these expeditions the party were on their way to the Snowy River, which runs into the sea near Cape Howe, at the south-east corner of the Australian continent. Till the railway came abruptly to an end, they had travelled by special train, choosing the night for greater coolness. The lamps of an express waggon were seen gleaming through the darkness, and the fish-cans, ice, &c., were transferred to it. The glimmerings of the early dawn came seasonably enough. "More than once the vehicle was on a balance, with two wheels in the air; but willing hands were ready to prevent an upset by holding on to the waggon and pushing it up the steep ascents that had to be surmounted." They made their way somehow through the forest, till they came upon another section of the line to meet another train that was in waiting. But the waggon could not "establish communications," and for a quarter of a mile the fish-cans had to be carried. At the other end of the second section of rail fresh relays of vehicles were in readiness. They had to find a practicable road of some kind through a vast stretch of forest, covering the lower slopes of the rugged mountains; there was a dense undergrowth beneath the gigantic trees, and every here and there the broken woodlands were intersected by deep gullies. How the travellers reached their destination at all is a mystery, and an upset might have been destructive of their hopes in the very moment of their fruition. The young fish had to spend the second night in perforated boxes sunk in a river, and Sir Samuel woke rather than slept under the apprehension that they might be swept down the stream in a freshet. Having dropped some lots of the fry here and there in the various rivers they passed, they finally succeeded in depositing the rest in the Snowy, though they found somewhat to their disgust that the temperature stood at 73°. The water was turbid and the current swift, and broken in many places by shoals and rapids, but Sir Samuel hoped the best for his protégés. At all events he has succeeded in stocking nearly all the important streams in Victoria, and although for the present he must live chiefly in faith as to results, there seems a fair probability of his enterprise being rewarded, and of his laying the colony under another debt of gratitude.

OUR BOHEMIA.*

UNDER the title of *Our Bohemia* Miss Collins has given us a collection of eleven stories. We do not pretend to have gone through all of them; but we have read quite enough to feel justified in saying that not one of them can be worth reading. Not once did we find our interest in the least roused. Not once did we care to know how the story would end. We tried the book in the solitude of our study. We tried it again when a buzz of conversation was going on all round. We tried it once more when lively airs were being played on the piano. But we could make nothing of it. Were we alone, we could hardly keep from sleeping. Were we with others, we could certainly manage to keep awake; but so little was our attention caught by any of the tales that it was diverted by the idlest talk or by the airs of the music. In fact, we could only read under a strong sense of compulsion. It was our duty, we felt, to let our readers know what manner of book this is, and this we unfortunately could not do unless we first read a considerable part of it ourselves. And yet, for all we know, the book will have its readers, and perhaps not a few of them. In the first place, there are many people who like a short tale better than a long novel. They can finish one off at a sitting, and are not forced to burden their memory from the evening of one day to the morning of the next with the complications of the plot. In the second place, Miss Collins has certainly caught most of the tricks of writing that are at the present day so fashionable. We notice that this is by no means her first book, and we have little expectation that it will be her last. She is quite as worthy of an extensive popularity as at least a score of the most popular of her female rivals.

We cannot attempt to give any general notion of the book as a whole, but must content ourselves with selecting one of the stories for criticism. In the tale entitled "Beginning Life, a Phantasy" we are introduced to two friends, Hartley and Egerton, talking on a balcony in the moonlight what the author calls dreamy metaphysics. "There are things," says Egerton, "and not only things, but persons, that impress one as being merely physical." Whether among these things was included the balcony on which they stood the speaker forgets to tell us. In this part of his proposition at all events, that there are things that impress us as being merely physical, there is not much of metaphysics, whether dreamy or otherwise. But Hartley's answer at once plunges the reader very deep into that science in which he who speaks does not understand what he says, and he who hears does not understand what he hears:—

"Yes," said Hartley, and was silent for a moment. Then he spoke,

* *Our Bohemia*. By Mabel Collins, Author of "An Innocent Sinner," "In this World," &c. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1879.

quickly. "But, said he, "as in looking on a mass of stone I perceive a bulky, though inert appearance, which seems to me to be presented by an undeveloped and hardly conscious spiritual existence—yet still an existence; so I conceive it possible that in these creatures of flesh and blood of whom you speak the animating spirit may be so slightly developed as to be hardly conscious. But I am quite unable to imagine any material existence that is what you call purely physical."

At this moment a voice was heard musical as rippling water. Mrs. Hartley had stepped out—not, we may say, upon the balcony—but upon an undeveloped and hardly conscious spiritual existence. She caught her husband's last words, and asked him to tell her "what is 'purely physical.'" The reader will be thankful that she had not come in earlier, or she might have asked for an explanation of the bulky, though inert, appearance. Before we give his answer we must first describe her person. She was generally considered a positively glorious woman. Her brow was fair and unmarked by those tell-tale corrugations which time brings to most of us troubled mortals. A few that were over-critical complained of a want of warmth in her lovely blue eyes; but, warm or not, they were shaded by dark lashes, while higher up was an aureole of burnished gold hair. We have not the least doubt that this is all in the most correct modern style, and that ladies have at the present time golden hair, dark lashes, and blue eyes. When she asked her very simple and natural question, her husband, instead of politely answering it or referring her to a dictionary for information, looked and looked as though some fascination held him. With much reason his friend wondered at his strange abstraction. At last he broke silence with the mysterious answer, "You are, my child." He did not speak after full reflection. At all events the words, we are told, seemed "to represent a thought scarcely or but newly realized." He started, and gently pushed back his wife into the room. His friend remained outside startled, amazed, shocked, at the revelation which had come to him. He had before this noticed an abstracted moodiness in Hartley, and he had now discovered the explanation. He gazed in through the window, saw her eyes, recognized that they wanted the characteristic of depths beyond depths, and thought to himself, "He is right, though his words went terribly far. There is no mystery in that face; its loveliness is all apparent. . . . Will she make him a materialist, this seeming angel? Is it to be her task to convince him that animate matter may exist unvitalized by spirit?"

Mrs. Hartley was not content with being told that she was "purely physical"; and yet she could not but suspect that, after all, there might be some truth in what he said. "Perhaps," she said to him that same night, "I have a soul somewhere in an egg, only it isn't hatched. Hatch it, dear, and then your Elena will please you better." It is all very well for a wife to ask her husband to hatch her soul that is somewhere in an egg. But he might with good reason reply that neither in the promises made in the marriage service nor in her marriage settlement had this duty been laid upon him. Hartley, however, was not the man to insist on abiding by the strict letter of the law. He was delighted, moreover, to find that "she had thought his thought, that a soul-germ, not a soul, lay within her." He had at last discovered that she lacked something, and so was scarcely fit to be the wife of an earnest philosopher. Egerton had judged her rightly from the first. He had always held her to be merely a beautiful eidolon, and no more. Is it not a pity, by the way, that, if Miss Collins does not take the trouble to explain to her readers what an eidolon is, she does not at least mark the quantity of the penultimate? It is too bad to leave it to mere chance whether they shall say eidolon or eidolon. However, to return to Egerton. Had he made the mistaking of marrying such an eidolon, "he would long ago have let her slip out of his sympathetic life, leaving her to fulfil her apparent destiny as the queen of her drawing-room and the centre of a little court of admiring friends." But Egerton, though a good man, was not an earnest philosopher. Hartley was not satisfied to leave things as they were. He kept continually probing her nature in his untiring endeavours to find its higher springs. He could do but little, however. The soul in an egg was not to be hatched by probings after higher springs. However, he produced one effect on his unfortunate wife. The faintest possible perpendicular furrow might now and then be seen appearing between Elena's eyebrows. To bring her clearly before us we must imagine to ourselves a golden aureole, below which a perpendicular furrow at times ran down between brows that were either dark or yellow, while beneath them were blue eyes and dark lashes. If we add the soul in the egg, we really get a very clear picture of this positively glorious woman.

Hartley one night, when again standing on the balcony, told his wife that he believed nothing but pain would change her from the ease (*sic*) and laughter-loving woman that she was content to be:—"What say you, Elena? Will you come forth nobly at the call of pain?" She, with really a good deal of justification—for probing and egg-soul hatching when too long continued must become very wearisome—replied, "I am weary of these vain words of yours, Hartley. How can you make me other than I am?" He wandered out into the moonlight. She, more wisely, went to bed. At first she was nervous and excited. But her equable habit came to her rescue and she slept like an innocent infant. She started up thinking she heard her husband call her. When she awoke in the morning she found that he was absent. Her maid entered. "Elena saw that some great thing had taken place. And rushing past her, by a strange instinct, she flew through the passages barefoot as she was, until she came to where lay Hartley's body—bruised, injured, and lifeless." How he was

killed we are not told. We suspect that the bulky, though inert, appearance of the balcony had suddenly developed a conscious spiritual existence, and had intentionally broken, so as to put an end to the dreamy metaphysics with which it must have been dreadfully bored. Be that as it may, Elena's soul began to tear its bonds asunder in its agonized desire to respond to the dead lover's call. In a day or two she died—of rupture of the heart, it was said. Egerton now had to spend his evenings alone. As he smoked his pipe by his solitary fireside, he would look at the capacious arm-chair that stood opposite until he almost persuaded himself that he saw a shadowy form within it. At last the night came when the phantom-like shadow lurking within it formed into something tangible. From out the shadow in the depths of the capacious arm-chair there came a familiar smile. He stretched out his hand, and a momentary but firm grasp came upon it. Then an "audible sound" reached him, and Hartley's voice told him that by mutual effort they had conquered the cloudy barrier of matter. He then gave Egerton a long account of everything that had happened, except that he forgot to mention the cause of the accident. He said that he had become aware when on earth that the bond which had united him and his wife on the physical plane must be snapped; but how this was to be done he did not at all know. He goes on to describe how, when coming in the spirit to find his friend, he had first found him in a most unpleasant fog, which he appeared not to notice. Could, we would ask, the fog have been the tobacco-smoke from Egerton's solitary pipe? He had, however, braved its discomforts, and managed at last to communicate with him. Elena all this time had been visiting dark hell-spheres and journeying over regions of ice-cold existences. But she was no longer a child, and was to be married to him that very day. To the wedding Egerton was invited. He sees Elena, but he could not identify her with the Elena he had known. "He had not had the power to perceive the germ-life within that earthly body, which had been rather hereditary than personally evolved." If the reader understands what our author here means to say, he certainly has the advantage over us. But then perhaps our soul is still in an egg, and wants hatching. On the chance that such is really the case we shall here take our leave of our author, and shall not follow her into the dreamy metaphysics into which the spirit that filled the capacious armchair leads his friend of the unpleasant fog and the tobacco-pipe.

COTTAGE BUILDING.*

NO one who is acquainted with the average homes of the labouring poor can be otherwise than thankful to the sanitary reformer who undertakes the task of showing, in a "ready-to-hand" guide, how crying disgraces to landlords may be abated. In the volume before us we are glad to find a good many suggestive hints in the right direction, but we cannot help thinking that our "Sanitary Reformer" has erred in some matters. He seems to be too tolerant of the simplest form of cottage, the single-roomed (see chapter iii. sec. 1), and to have evinced too much cleverness in showing how it may be made endurable; and he has distracted, by indefinite grouping of cottages with cottage-villas or villa-cottages, and by discussing fittings and conveniences that are clearly only applicable to the latter, the singleness of aim which would make such a treatise specially valuable. A "ready-to-hand" guide should be, above all things, simple and lucid, and eschew fine writing, as a certain pitfall, landing writer and reader in the mire of obscurity. It would have been better if the fruits of the writer's experience and research had been limited to either the dwellings of the working class or to those of the class of persons who occupy the cottage villa. The evils of superior cottages are apt to be rather sanitary than social or moral; and they are such as may be reformed without making any appeal to philanthropy or social improvements. But it may certainly be admitted that the "Sanitary Reformer" gives many useful hints. Too much room, it strikes us, is wasted at the beginning in impressing on the architect the duty incumbent on him of making his client alive to the nature, dimensions, and details of his plan; and too much in tall talk about what the idea "cottage" calls up.

Perhaps the most instructive chapter in the volume, especially in its earlier stages, is that which discusses classification of plans, beginning with the worst arrangement of agricultural cottages—*i.e.* those with a single room to house father, mother, child or children, and, maybe, a lodger besides. Our author seeks, however, to show how this may be improved, and if he has to deal with its occupancy by a single man or woman or an old couple, it is obvious that a good deal may be done by handy cupboards, shelves, and a device which he is never tired of recommending—a *fall-down table*. This is nothing else than the hinged dresser, or ironing board, which, when not needed, folds alongside of the wall, or below the window sill; only we hope its hinges are better oiled than those of the writer's sentence introducing it in p. 21, which runs as follows:—"While places for putting things away into, out of sight—which is good, as far as the various odds and ends of a cottage are concerned, but out of dust and too often smoke, which is better—the one-roomed cottage may be still more improved by giving to it con-

* Cottages: how to Arrange and Build them. By a Sanitary Reformer Illustrated by Woodcuts and Plates. London and Derby: Bemrose & Sons. 1879.

veniences in which things may be placed at meal and washing-up times." One could scarcely point to a more pointed illustration of the "nominativus pendens." Passing over digressions concerning the British labourer's objection to washing-day, and resort to the public-house bar-parlour in the event of it, we find that the writer shows cleverly how to improve the single-room type of cottage by throwing out an offset in its rear beyond the living room, as in fig. 3; or, as in fig. 4, giving at the back of the original room a bedroom, bed-closet, pantry, coal and wood-house, so to speak, *en suite*: or, again, as in fig. 6, pp. 27-8, giving two bed-rooms, approached independently of each other, from the entrance passage leading to the living-room, in this case placed at the back. It is true, indeed, that with such resorts we cease to contemplate the *bête noire* of cottage architecture, a single-roomed cottage, as also if we give place to what is here much recommended, the use of cheap lean-to's, roofed with boards and felt for various offices. Obviously, however, for health, cheapness, and economy of roof and ground space, the two-storied cottage deserves the preference, consigning as it does all the bed-rooms to the second floor, unless, indeed, in cases of illness or infirmity. The question of independent entrances to each bedroom is indeed of vital importance, and can hardly be met without a special passage, which may be got by some contrivance and sacrifice of convenience, and which will repay the trouble, unless indeed the case is one of parents and young children, where the entrance to one sleeping-room may be through the other. So far, indeed, our reformer's improved cottages seem to deserve the description and category of "expensive expansion," and it may be better in most cases to ignore, as regards new structures, even the most elastic single-story type, giving preference to plans which, besides lifting the bed-rooms out of the damp of a ground floor, cover with the same area of roof a double extent of accommodation. Mr. Strickland's plan, which won the prize of the Yorkshire Agricultural Society, and which gives three bed-rooms on the second floor, and the *proximè accessit* drawings of Mr. Hines at the Royal Agricultural Society's Show at Cardiff, as amended by the Committee, which give a considerable amount of bed-room accommodation, are justly noticed in pp. 36-7 as vast improvements on previous types of labourers' cottages. An interesting section discusses the cottages for workpeople in towns and manufacturing districts. Omitting from consideration the rookeries, sub-lettings, lodgings, and hovels where the very poor of our town dregs are housed, in a town cottage, ever so low-rented, people expect a cellar floor under the living floor, which usually has its two rooms. The experience of the author seems to be derived a good deal from the contemplation of these, and it is from this point of view that he counsels with considerable urgency the importance of liberal dimensions, and the gain of even six inches of length and breadth space to passages and staircases, and still more to living and sleeping rooms. The minimum size of the latter he would fix at twelve feet by ten, and this he would term only a bed-closet. A too small bed-room may be enlarged by throwing out a projection from the wall supported on beams to hold a chest of drawers with a washstand top; and a handy working-man or a managing housewife may institute divers conveniences which will tend to enhance space and provide room by giving to everything its proper place. There is no better credential to the talents of a born landscape gardener than evidences of his capacity for so externally decorating a so-called "tea-box" or square cottage with ivies, evergreens, and perennials, as to make it attractive and charming; and the same talents bestowed on internal arrangement bespeak kindred gifts of adaptive power which cannot be valued too highly.

This little work, however, contains no less valuable hints on the choice of a site and of an aspect, which last should not be due north, and may for the maximum of sunny hours be, best of all, S.E. Too great care cannot be expended on the choice of a soil—gravelly and self-draining, and admitting for all its necessary drainage a good outfall. Excellent warnings are given in pp. 65-6 against the choice of a *made soil* or *rubbish site*, such as is too often a trap of endless disappointment and vexation to the suburban cottage-builder. Such a soil is apt to be composed of an "omnium gatherum," generative of foul smells and air-contaminating gases, shot down on the ground surface to raise its level, without care having been taken to empty the holes and stagnant pools, which are no better than a mass of sewage. As the organic substances in the body of the soil decay, a settlement downwards results. A report of the London Corporation on "made sites" some few years ago was sufficiently alarming, but the subsequent disclosures of medical officers in our larger towns have still more clearly pointed out the sanitary evils of such building upon pernicious quicksands.

A prime security for dryness in the cottage is, where possible, its thorough cellarage, which is unspeakably valuable for storage also. It conduces also to keep dry-rot from the timbers and fungi from the walls. Air-bricks and ventilators assist also the free circulation of subterranean air, and cellar walls should be backed with concrete, or at all events clinkers, the floors being of the same. The excavation for a cellar should, after allowing seven feet or seven feet six inches for head room, be such that three steps should be required to enter the house, as, by raising the floors of the living rooms above the ground level, you keep them dry, and so reap the benefit of your steps. This is still more urgent where there is no cellar, in which case the soil should be excavated fifteen inches and partially filled with concrete, broken brick, and other non-absorbents, creating a dry surface under the floor and

a clear, well-ventilated air-passage. Most readers have more or less experience of the nuisance of walls which are not rendered damp-proof by the expedients of a course of slate, a layer of coal-tar, or thin sheet-lead a little above the ground level, to keep the damp from rising. And the hints here given as to intercepting damp rising vertically or preventing its horizontal invasion by building walls and binding them with cross bricks set inwards, as non-conductors of rain and damp, should be of service to the many in all classes whose lives are a prey to rheumatism. Often, says the author, defective painting is the cause of damp, and not unfrequently, as we have often observed in Radnorshire, the weather side of a house is covered with slates or coal tar or concrete cement to keep it dry. The last is most effective when really good; but you must "first catch your hare," and our experience leads us more and more to endorse Sir Edmund Beckett's sound observation that a good outer coat of ivy is the best thing to keep out damp and wet to the west. (*Book on Building*, p. 72.)

Subsequent chapters go to the root of the drainage, sewage, and cesspool questions, with much shrewdness of insight into the dangers of unequal settlement of tubes and into trapping and ventilating of drains. The only hindrance to our gathering much useful practical information as to such common things as the water supply of cottages, the ventilation of rooms in connexion with wall construction, and with chimney flues and their draught, and a variety of odds and ends in planning—e.g. the hanging of doors, right windows in the right places, dust draughts, ash grids, kitcheners, and open grates—consists in the author's tendency to lose himself in confused sentences, and to forget occasionally, as in his "hints from Continental fenestration," and his suggestions for warming the entrance passage or entrance hall, the exact scope of a "ready-to-hand" guide to cottage building, and the simple duties of a "sanitary reformer" to the mass of his clients.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE history of Serbia (1) must possess a special attraction for the most venerable of living European historians, since he has returned to it again and again until the memoir originally published in 1829 has grown into a substantial volume, representing work performed at intervals during half a century of an indefatigable life. In that year the critical condition of the Turkish Empire, with the accidental stimulus of personal acquaintance with some eminent Servians, induced Herr von Ranke to compose a memoir on the slow national upheaval which was gradually restoring independence to Serbia. This included a preliminary sketch of Servian history, and an account of the organization of the Turkish rule. At this period the old Prince Milosch was still governor of the country. Events advanced, and in 1844 Ranke, returning to his subject, was able to add the record of two revolutions—that of 1838, which replaced Milosch by his son Michael Obrenowitsch, and that of 1842, which overthrew the latter in favour of the son of Milosch's ancient adversary, the national hero, Kara George. Another memoir on the Bosnian disturbances between 1820 and 1832, and yet another on the Egyptian question of 1839-41, were added to the book. The whole appeared in 1847 in an English translation by Mrs. Kerr, and has become a standard authority. The work is now extended, though perhaps not even yet finally completed, by an addition bringing the history down to the murder of Michael Obrenowitsch, the predecessor of the reigning Prince. This addition includes some of the most important episodes of Servian history—the restoration of Milosch, the withdrawal of the Turkish garrison from Belgrade, and the assassination of Prince Michael—a crime of which Ranke acquits his competitor, Alexander Kara-georgewitsch. These incidents mark the ultimate emancipation of Serbia from dependence upon Turkey, and its entrance upon the career of an independent State. Recent events have not exhibited the Servian national character in an advantageous light, and many readers will find a difficulty in fully responding to the sympathy which tinges the generally dry and critical historian's page with unwonted warmth. From the more practical point of view of the general interest of Europe, however, his aspirations for the independence of Serbia will be echoed with the hope that she may for the future prefer the part of an Eastern Belgium to that of an Eastern Piedmont.

An account of the Crusades from the Saracen point of view cannot but be interesting, and it may be hoped that a useful contribution to it will be made by the series of translations from Mussulman historians commenced by Dr. Goergens and Dr. Röhrich (2). The first volume is devoted to the history of Saladin, and principally consists of extracts from the "Two Gardens" of Abu Sama, "the phoenix of his time." Abu Sama, who was born in 1203, undertook in this work to relate the lives of the great Sultans Nouredin and Saladin, as an admonition to the degenerate princes of his own time. He was consequently not an eye-witness of the transactions he describes, but was indefatigable in collecting oral information, and in consulting contemporary historians, whose works he has frequently incorporated with his

(1) *Serbien und die Türkei im neunzehnten Jahrhundert*. Von Leopold von Ranke. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

(2) *Arabische Quellenbeiträge zur Geschichte der Kreuzzüge*. Uebersetzt und herausgegeben von Dr. E. P. Goergens unter Mitwirkung von R. Röhrich. Bd. I. Zur Geschichte Salāh ad-dīn's. Berlin: Wiedmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

own. The latter is praised by Quatremère de Quincy as a judicious compilation, embodying many passages from valuable works not otherwise accessible, especially letters and other official documents. The spirit of the Saracen author, when speaking of the Christians, is less fanatical than theirs, though he occasionally accompanies the name of some eminent crusading leader with a pious malediction. He writes almost exactly as a Mahometan author would do at the present day. Nothing more forcibly illustrates the comparatively enormous progress of the Christian world.

The contributions to Anglo-Norman history published by F. Liebermann (3) chiefly consist of monastic chronicles hitherto unpublished, of which the editor prints no fewer than fourteen, ranging from 925 to 1260. They are excessively meagre, but present points of interest, such as the fact that the last entry in the Anglo-Saxon language is dated 1130. They are followed by records of the miracles of St. Edmund and St. Anselm, detailed with great prolixity in an atrocious style, but not wholly uninteresting. It is remarkable to find an English monk writing "Omnia Romæ venalia" as early as the reign of William Rufus, whom he calls William Longsword, a designation not elsewhere met with.

Lothaire von Supplinburg (4) was Emperor from 1125 to 1137, and is remarkable as the last Saxon prince who attained the Imperial dignity. Coming immediately after two sovereigns so inimical to the Court of Rome as Henry IV. and Henry V., he challenges the attention of the historian by his entire reversal of their policy. His devotion to the interests of the Church gained him the enthusiastic panegyrics of the ecclesiastical annalists of his times, of which he was not wholly undeserving, being not only devout, but just and brave, and a fairly capable ruler. Though involved in much unprofitable domestic strife, he enlarged the Empire at the expense of the pagan Slavonians, and made a successful expedition into Italy in support of Pope Innocent II., on his return from which he died. His history is written by Herr Bernhardt with fatiguing minuteness, but with thoroughness and impartiality. The most interesting part of it is the contest between Pope Innocent II. and his competitor Anacletus. The antipope appears to have had the better title of the two.

The principal interest of Count von Moltke's notes of travel (5) no doubt arises from their authorship. It is agreeable to encounter so consummate a master of the art of war in the character of a literary amateur, and no less gratifying to recognize the same qualities of simplicity, directness, and good sense that have characterized his campaigns. Of the three little essays here collected, the first alone, the unfinished memoir on the topography of the neighbourhood of Rome, puts forward any literary pretensions. It manifests historical research, as well as the observation of a geologist and engineer. The narrative of the writer's mission to the Court of Napoleon III. has already been noticed by us, and there only remains the little sketch of a visit to Spain in 1846, on the occasion of the marriage of Queen Isabella. It is very slight, but conveys a vivid impression of the Oriental beauty of Seville, and of the dreariness and flatness of Andalusian scenery as viewed from the Guadalquivir and the high road. Other districts of the province would have better corresponded to the anticipations of the traveller. Count von Moltke speaks with much respect of the Spanish character, and surprises us by the assertion that he was never importuned by a beggar during his sojourn in the Peninsula.

Friedrich von Hellwald's literary abilities and scientific attainments qualify him to write the history of Arctic discovery (6), which we learn with some surprise has hitherto been a desideratum in German literature. The work is strictly popular in character, and, to judge by the first part, promises to be adequate and attractive.

Dr. Mehliis (7), one of the joint authors of a standard work on Slavonian prehistoric antiquities, has thrown the results of his German archaeological researches into a series of imaginative restorations of ancient German life, less entertaining, as well as less instructive, than unadulterated archæology.

Dr. Sichel (8) begins his history of the German Constitution in the first century B.C., and would, no doubt, have gone further back still if he could have found materials. It is difficult to resist a smile at the extreme gravity with which the subject is treated, and the constant recurrence of terms proper to an advanced stage of political organization. Yet Dr. Sichel is substantially right. The germ of modern institutions existed among the warriors of Maroboduus; and his insistence upon this fact, or rather his assumption of it as self-evident, is useful as a testimony to the con-

tinuity of history. The work will be completed in three volumes, the first of which concludes with the establishment of absolute monarchy under the Merovingian kings.

Dr. von Brinz (9) says all that ought to be said on the occasion of the centenary of the illustrious jurist Savigny.

Dr. von Holtzendorff (10) devotes a brief but important essay to an investigation of the nature of public opinion, and its legitimate value as an element and a test of public policy. Admitting its omnipotence when really honest and well-informed, he draws attention forcibly to the numerous ways in which it may be misrepresented or misled, especially by an unscrupulous party press. It is, in his opinion, useless and dangerous for Governments to combat the abuses of the press by restrictions upon the liberty of printing, and the evils of an official press are greater still. The true remedy is a sound popular education, embracing the elements of political and historical knowledge.

Dr. Pfeleiderer's lectures on religious harmony among Protestants (11) are also inspired by the thought that many of the evils of the time arise from misunderstandings. He represents the liberal party in the German Protestant Church, and labours to convince men of all shades of opinion of the claim of the German Church to rank as a national institution.

Professor Friedrich (12), a distinguished leader of the Old Catholics, follows Protestant controversialists in striking at the root of Papal claims to infallibility by invalidating the alleged primacy of Peter. His principal points are that James and not Peter appears to have exercised a quasi-primacy in the Apostolic age; that nothing is heard of Papal pretensions until the controversy excited by the pseudo-Clementine "Recognitions" in the latter half of the second century; and that a century later these pretensions are emphatically rejected by no less eminent an authority than St. Cyprian.

The object of Dr. Galli's (13) treatise on the ecclesiastical penalties imposed by the Protestant Churches of the sixteenth century for offences against orthodoxy or morality is not so much to enumerate particular instances as to inquire into the general principles by which their legislation was guided. Both Luther and Calvin began with the most liberal views on the solely spiritual nature of the Church's province and jurisdiction; and both, confronted by practical difficulties, relapsed into oppression and persecution. The methods in which they respectively met the problem, however, were diametrically opposite. Luther for all disciplinary purposes merged the Church in the State, and entrusted the whole business of detecting and punishing heresy and immorality to the civil magistrate. Calvin's Church absorbed the State and usurped nearly all its functions. The latter was by far the more oppressive, as the histories of Scotland and Geneva sufficiently attest; but being at the same time the more difficult to maintain, and being founded upon a more logical conception and aiming at a higher ideal than the Lutheran, it has, Dr. Galli thinks, proved in the long run more favourable to the interests of civilization.

Herr Wolfgang Helbig (14), known as an authority on ancient art, has written an interesting memoir on the primitive inhabitants of the Italian *terremare* or pile villages, the remains of which are numerous in Lombardy and the Emilia, but have not as yet been discovered in Southern Italy. They are ascribed by Herr Helbig to the Italiots, a people supposed by him to have immigrated from the North at some undefined period between the arrival of the Ligurians and of the Etruscans, and to have been substantially of the same race as the Hellenic occupants of Greece. The degree of civilization attained by them seems to have been much on a par with that of the Germans in the time of Tacitus; but the unit of their social organization was the family rather than the individual, as in Germany, and they were in a much greater degree an agricultural people. They would be assigned to the Bronze period, weapons and implements of that metal occurring throughout the whole of their occupation; the use of stone, however, seems to have been much more general. No objects of gold or silver are found, nor any images of deities. If these villages are to be identified with the "Umbrian towns" said to have been destroyed by the Etruscans, they must be older than the immigration of the latter people, about 1000 B.C., or even some centuries earlier, if the mention of Tyrrhenians on Egyptian monuments were well established.

The writings of Eitelberger von Edelberg (15) on the fine arts form a collection of considerable value for the modern history of art in Austria. The first volume is principally devoted to retrospective surveys of the progress of various styles of painting at Vienna, and biographies of eminent artists. The most interesting among these latter are the sculptors Gasser and the medallist and

(3) *Ungedruckte anglo-normannische Geschichtsquellen*. Herausgegeben von F. Liebermann. Strassburg: K. Trübner. London: Williams & Norgate.

(4) *Lothar von Supplinburg*. Von W. Bernhardt. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

(5) *Wanderbuch*. Handschriftliche Aufzeichnungen aus dem Reisetagebuch. Von H. Graf Moltke. Berlin: Paetel. London: Williams & Norgate.

(6) *Im ewigen Eis: Geschichte der Nordpol-Fahrten von den ältesten Zeiten bis auf die Gegenwart*. Von F. von Hellwald. Lief. 1. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Williams & Norgate.

(7) *Bilder aus Deutschlands Vorzeit*. Von Dr. C. Mehliis. Jena: Costenoble. London: Kolkmann.

(8) *Geschichte der deutschen Staatsverfassung bis zur Begründung des konstitutionellen Staats*. Von Dr. W. Sichel. Abth. 1. Halle: Buchhandlung des Waisenhauses. London: Nutt.

(9) *Festrede zu F. K. von Savigny's hundertjährigem Geburtstage*. Von Dr. A. von Brinz. München: Rieger. London: Trübner & Co.

(10) *Wesen und Werth der öffentlichen Meinung*. Von F. von Holtzendorff. München: Rieger. London: Trübner & Co.

(11) *Zur religiösen Verständigung. Populäre theologische Vorträge*. Von Dr. Otto Pfeleiderer. Berlin: Haack. London: Williams & Norgate.

(12) *Zur ältesten Geschichte des Primates in der Kirche*. Von J. Friedrich. Bonn: Neusser. London: Williams & Norgate.

(13) *Die Lutherischen und Calvinischen Kirchenstrafen gegen Laien im Reformations-Zeitalter*. Von Gottfried Galli. Breslau: Koebner. London: Williams & Norgate.

(14) *Die Italiker in der Poebene: Beiträge zur Kultur- und Kunstgeschichte*. Von Wolfgang Helbig. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel. London: Williams & Norgate.

(15) *Gesammelte kunsthistorische Schriften*. Von R. Eitelberger von Edelberg. 2 Bde. Wien: Braumüller. London: Williams & Norgate.

connoisseur Boehm, the father of the artist whose statue of Mr. Carlyle has gained him so honourable a reputation in England. Another highly interesting essay treats of the votive church erected from the designs of Ferstel upon the spot where the Emperor's life was attempted in 1853, recently completed after twenty years' labour, and declared by the writer to be the finest modern example of Gothic architecture in Europe. The most important articles in the second volume relate to the Austrian Industrial Museum—the South Kensington of Vienna—in the foundation of which Herr von Edelberg himself was the principal agent, and its affiliated institutions. According to Herr von Edelberg this foundation has come but just in time to arrest the decay of artistic taste in the Empire, and his account of the industrial condition of Germany from this point of view is anything but flattering.

John, the late King of Saxony, although an excellent sovereign, will probably be mainly remembered by his translation of Dante, published under the name of Philalethes (16). An inferior version would have been sufficiently remarkable under the circumstances; but King John's can dispense with the indulgence which might not unreasonably have been claimed in its behalf. It is only to be regretted that he should have sacrificed the original metre—a liberty scarcely excusable in a translator with the copious resources of the German language at his disposal. The present biography deals with King John solely in the character of an amateur of Dante; from the day, in 1821, when he bought his first copy of the *Divine Comedy* at a bookstall in Pavia in 1821, till the day, in 1873, when the mask of his countenance, taken after his decease and here engraved as a frontispiece, showed his striking personal resemblance to the poet. Appreciative letters from Humboldt and Varnhagen von Ense are quoted, but the large number of copies circulated is a more genuine test of the substantial merit of the monarch's labours.

The late Heinrich von Mühler's (17) poems reverse Shakspeare's saying; their prosperity lies not in the ear of him that hears them, but in the mouth of the speaker. They possess grace, ease, and genuine unforced gaiety, but are principally piquant as juvenile compositions of the austere and most bigoted of Prussian Ministers of ecclesiastical affairs. Though published in 1842, they had been utterly forgotten, and their disinterment a few years ago occasioned great amusement at Herr von Mühler's expense. The present edition having undergone the author's revision, it is to be apprehended, although we are not expressly informed, that some of his levities may have disappeared, while the poems on more serious themes now added are neither equal in merit nor in keeping with the general character of the collection.

The most noticeable article in the *Rundschau* (18) is an elaborate and even verbose review of the Danish national character by a Dane, M. Raasloff, a retired Minister of State. The writer cannot be accused of excessive partiality towards his countrymen, whose principal defect, a seemingly contradictory mixture of apathy with instability, he traces to the prevalence of a sanguine-lymphatic temperament among them. The special mission of Denmark, he thinks, is to mediate between the German and the Scandinavian mind, and a good understanding with Germany is vitally necessary to her. He complains bitterly of the havoc wrought in the language by archaists and spelling reformers. A review of the present political situation in Germany indicates, without precisely expressing, the dismay of the Liberal party in finding itself at variance with Prince Bismarck. An essay on the employment of classical metres in the German language traces the cultivation of antique form from its first feeble beginnings to the consummate perfection it received at the hands of Platen. It is singular that the feeling for the majestic and intricate harmony of which simple blank verse is capable has received no corresponding development in Germany. Even such a critic as Lessing thought that *Paradise Lost* ought to have been written in hexameters. The Italian novelle contributed by Paul Heyse is in his best style, and there is decided vigour in a group of short poems from the pen of Gottfried Keller.

The *Russian Review* (19) is chiefly occupied by statistical papers. Of the remaining contents the most interesting are a summary of the results of the recent scientific expedition to Ferghana, and a notice of Prince Radziwill's pilgrimage to the Holy Land about the end of the sixteenth century.

(16) *Philalethes: König Johann von Sachsen.* Von J. Petzholdt. Dresden: Baensch. London: Williams & Norgate.

(17) *Gedichte.* Von Heinrich von Mühler. Zweite Auflage. Jena: Costenoble. London: Kolckmann.

(18) *Deutsche Rundschau.* Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. 5, Hft. 12. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner.

(19) *Russische Revue: Monatschrift für die Kunde Russlands.* Herausgegeben von C. Röttger. Jahrg. 8, Hft. 7. St. Petersburg: Schmitzdorff. London: Siegle.

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